

# THE LAST CAVALRY CHARGE

By Henry Louis Mencken

AUGUST, 1906

PRICE 10 CENTS

## THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE



Published Monthly by  
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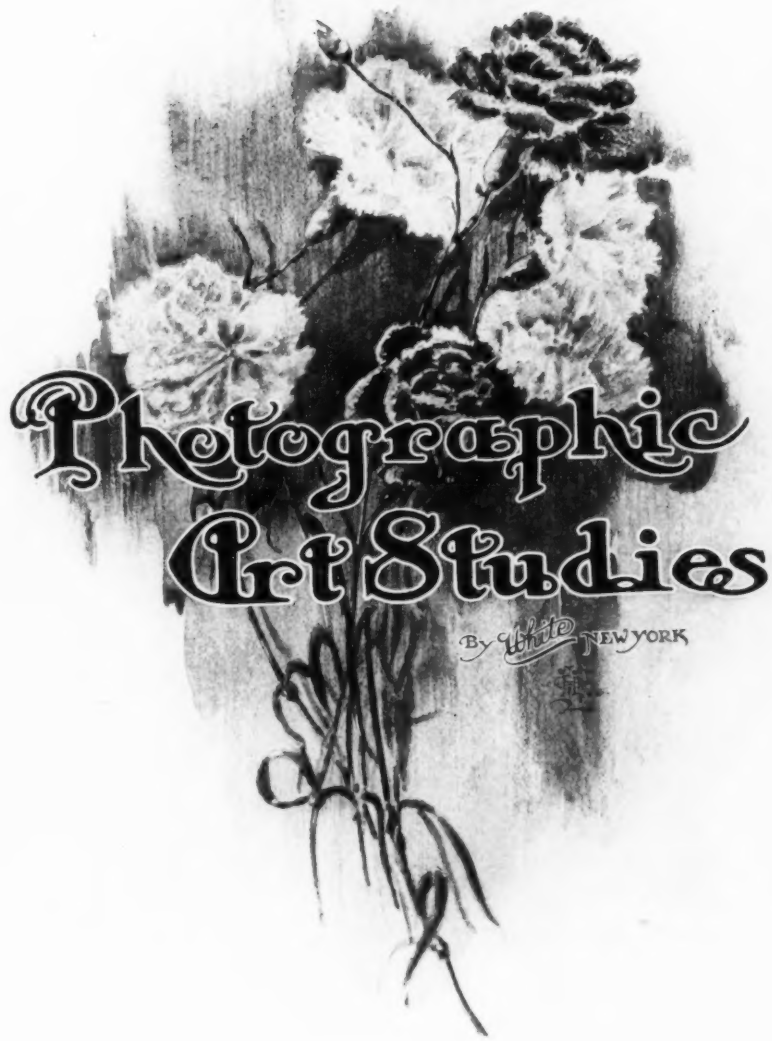
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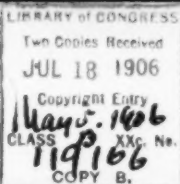




DRAWN BY ANGUS MAC DONALL

Looking up he saw her there in front of him.

"A Certain Anglo-Saxon Alliance:" see page 448



# THE RED BOOK

## MAGAZINE

Vol. VII

August, 1906

No. 4

### A Certain Anglo-Saxon Alliance

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

When Colton, Jr., landed in London his conception of an Englishman was of the monocled, dandy type presented upon the American stage in farce comedy, and of the English girl, a combination of barmaid and Lady Guenevere. This was not because Colton, Jr., was a fool but, brought up in a country village and educated at a small inland college, he had never met in his life either an Englishman or an English woman.

Colton, Jr., was not in London because he wished to be. It was not travel, much as he needed it, which brought him here shortly after he was graduated, but a firm conviction on his father's part that there was an English market for the Colton Cream Separator.

"Hang it!" Colton, Sr., had said, "they have cows over there, and where there are cows there is a market for the Colton Separator. Looks well, too, to have a branch office in London and it helps a bit towards a furtherance of an Anglo-Saxon alliance."

As some men choose to argue on the tariff or in favor of expansion, the Anglo-Saxon alliance was Colton, Sr.'s, argumentative hobby.

Whereupon he had given his son and heir the alternative of establishing the branch office or donning overalls and going to the work in the factory. Colton found no difficulty in establishing the office, and for three shillings a week he found a boy eager to open it up in the morning and sit in it the remainder of the day.

A month passed, and while Colton's conception of the English man changed, he found little reason for altering his views

about the English woman. He came un-introduced, save to a few business houses which he had not had the disposition to visit, and so his experience had been limited to what he saw along Rotten Row of a morning. And there, in spite of the fact that he knew without vanity that a man six feet tall with the shoulders and chest of a foot ball player, light hair, and steel gray eyes is commonly considered not bad looking, he had never been so completely ignored in his life. Not that he expected them to rush into his arms, but a glance or a smile or something of the sort would not be out of place, he thought, and would make a man feel of some importance. But their big, cold eyes were always levelled straight in front of them, as they should have been, and their faces remained as impassive as those on exhibition at Madame Tussaud's wax works. He felt lonely and abused and proceeded to glare at them.

Then, almost in a day, he saw them from a new point of view.

It being a fair afternoon in July—Ah, those fair afternoons in England, when the grass is so much greener and fresher than anywhere else, and the sky is a baby blue, not stark and staring—it being such an afternoon, Colton wandered across the big park to the Zoo. He had made a habit of coming here to feed the American buffalo, the American deer, and the North American bear, and then to sit at one of the little out-door tea tables in the shade to wish he were back home again.

He had finished feeding the buffalo this day when he heard very distinctly, a sob.



Turning quickly, he saw on a seat in the deserted path the frail figure of a young woman. She had just wiped her eyes and was now sitting very erect, evidently trying hard to force back her tears. As she caught the glance of Colton, Jr., she turned a little away from him, resting her elbow on the back of the seat, leaning her head against her gloved hand.

In his surprise he gave the buffalo the American deer's share of sweet bread. He was quite sure he heard another sob and this determined him. Without hesitation he approached the girl, raising his hat as he neared her.

"Pardon me, but can I be of any assistance?"

She turned, as if in quick offence, but once she caught a clear view of the honest eyes, she changed her defensive attitude and said,

"I'm—I'm lost."

She uttered it as a child might. Yet Colton saw before him the fully developed features of a woman of twenty.

"Well," he answered cheerfully, "that is not so serious. Reckon we can find our way out. Where do you wish to go?"

"Home," she replied. And then with naïve frankness,

"I ran away."

Colton burst into a laugh. He could n't help it. At sound of his hearty laughter, and at sight of the good-natured twinkle in his eyes, her own face brightened.

"It is absurd, is it not?"

She smiled through the folds of the delicate lace handkerchief as she brushed her eyes.

"But it is serious. I lost my purse, too, and if I'm caught—"

Even then Colton could not take the matter seriously.

"Is it then altogether so humorous a matter?" she demanded, a trifle nettled.

"No," he explained. "But you did look so very much lost. So like one of the 'Two Orphans.'"

In spite of herself, she smiled again. And when she smiled Colton thought it was as when the sun breaks through the clouds on a spring day.

"I should thank you to show me the way out or find a bobby. I have wandered

round and round without seeing one I dared speak to."

"With pleasure. It makes me feel like a hero."

"You are an American," she asserted as if that explained everything.

"I am, sure enough. How did you know?"

She looked interested.

"I have met several Americans."

"Everyone seems to know it," he complained. "Even when I wear a hat too large for me and carry a stick. Your shopkeepers know it best of all. Robbers, all of them," he grunted.

"Little ones, that is all. You have big ones in America?"

"That's right," he answered proudly. "Everthing there is big."

He started to sit down, but she hastily arose.

"Oh I must be going," she said. "I'll be caught."

He walked down the path at her side.

"How did you happen to run away?" he asked.

"Oh I was tired of Miss Noris. And I was bored. She went out and I ran."

"Until you got lost?"

She nodded.

"There are so many squirmy paths here," she explained.

They were nearing the tea house. In the shade of the large trees on the close cropped green, a half dozen little iron tables were the center of as many laughing groups. A slight breeze fanned the hot air away, and children played all about.

"You look tired," he said. "Won't you share a pot of tea with me before we find the bobby?"

She looked wistfully at the happy groups.

"It is so cool there," he ran on. "You have no idea what a number of different kinds of cakes they serve. I always close my eyes when I choose one and then guess."

A waiter hurried by them with a pot of the fragrant brew.

"Smells good, does n't it?"

"So good!"

Still she hesitated. This would be worse than running away.

"Come on, it won't take us long. There is a table waiting for us."

"Fancy," she said.



DRAWN BY ANGUS MAC DONALL

"Can I be of any assistance?"

"Come on."

He led the way and she followed.

"If—"

"If what?"

"If Miss Noris should see me."

"What would she do?"

"Faint, at the very least."

After the tea and cake were brought, he sat back comfortably in his chair. He felt more at home than he had at any time since he left the steamer. To see just a woman sitting opposite him sent a warm current through his veins. But he had scarcely come into full enjoyment of the situation before she had finished her tea.

"If I could trouble you further," she asked timidly.

"I shall see that you land safely in Miss Noris' arms."

"Oh, you must n't do that!" she exclaimed. "But if you would find a hansom and loan me—"

He accompanied her to the street and as she entered the vehicle he had summoned,

she gave an address to the driver that caused him to sit very erect and touch his cap. Colton did not catch it.

"Shall you never come here again?" he asked.

She felt more secure within the hansom.

"It depends," she answered. "I ought not, you know."

"But you might run away again?"

"Not if Miss Noris reaches home before I do. Oh, I had almost forgotten, how can I return your loan?"

"I shall be at that same table every fair afternoon," he answered.

"Well, I may send John with it."

"If you do I'll soak him," he said.

He watched the back of the hansom until it disappeared.

For a week Colton, Jr., haunted the tea tables at the Zoo without a glimpse of his unknown acquaintance. He ordered in those few days as many cups of tea as ever Dr. Johnson did. Then she came.

He was listlessly puffing a cigaret when, looking up he saw her there in front of him. He could not help but stare a second at the bright face, the fluffy white gown all daintiness, and the beruffled Parisian sunshade she bore over one shoulder. She greeted him with the slightest bit of embarrassment which did no harm to her cheeks.

"I had begun to think you were not coming," he said. "You had to wait for Miss Noris again?"

She nodded.

"And then run away?"

"Yes," she laughed.

"It was good of you."

She handed him the sovereign he had loaned her and he took it.

"I have ordered your tea," he said.

"But I was n't to stop. I—I did not mean to stop," she added as she sat down. "I came to return the loan and to thank you."

"I have sat here all alone for a week."

"What for?"

"Waiting for you."

"You needed the guinea, then?" she asked.

"Not the guinea," he answered.

"Oh!"

She studied the tip of her parasol.

"I can't fancy," she observed musingly, "why I sit here. It is quite improper. I never in my life did anything so improper."

"Maybe that's why you do it," he suggested placidly. "It's refreshing now and then."

The waiter bustled up with the tea, and Colton handed the fawning beggar the coin she had returned, telling him not to bother with the change.

"H'I beg pardin, sir."

"Keep the change."

"H'alright, sir. Yessir."

The man hurried away looking suspiciously as if he were expecting arrest for taking it.

"You are extravagant. You Americans spoil all our servants."

"I don't do that every time, you know."

"Sixpence would have been quite enough."

"I shall give him only pennies till I get it back."

"Then you will drink cold tea."

"It tastes all the same. I come here mostly to get cakes for the buffalo. He likes the pink ones. You watch out for the guard while I swipe some."

He stuffed a half dozen in his pocket while she looked about uneasily.

"Hurry," she exclaimed excitedly, "one is coming."

Instantly he leaned back and sipped his tea with exaggerated unconcern.

"Such innocence!" she cried delightedly. "Were I a guard, I should arrest you on the strength of that alone. It—it is n't human."

"If you were a guard I'd get arrested," he observed.

She turned her head to watch the romping children, allowing him a glimpse of a profile almost classically pure save that the chin was a trifle rounded and bedimpled.

"What a lazy, sleepy elephant," she remarked. The ponderous animal had been stopped in the midst of a group of children and a half dozen lucky ones were put upon his back. The others stood about openmouthed, as the animal sluggishly waddled off with his burden.

"There is just one way to wake 'em up," he said. "Give 'em a peanut with red pepper in it."

"But that is unkind."

"You have to step back quickly," he explained. "It's even better to run."

She fumbled at the little gold watch on her bosom.

"I wish you would come help me feed the buffalo," he begged. "He's a good American and his name is Si."

"No," she said with determination, "I must return. Miss Noris will be back in fifteen minutes."

"Hang Miss Noris!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean I—I hope she will be run over by a 'bus."

"But you are bloodthirsty! That also is American. Besides it would n't do any good. Dad would get another."

As he escorted her to the gate, he asked wistfully,

"Shall you come again?"

"Not if I do as I ought."

"It is very pleasant for me," he said simply. "May I offer you my card?"

She took it and studied it curiously.

Then she looked up into his frank, honest eyes.

"If I can, I will come again. You may call me—Miss Ransdowne."

"Thank you. I shall wait patiently for you."

And so once again he watched the back of a hansom until it disappeared.

"Mr. Thomas Pettiworth," said Colton, Jr., to the youthful bearer of that name who kept office for him, "the old man says orders are coming in too slow."

"Yessir."

"He further says that if business does not pick up, I'd best pack up."

"Yessir."

"What the old man says goes. What's the trouble with business?"

"H'I don't know, sir."

"The office is open daily from 9 to 5, is it not?"

"Yessir."

"Well, what more can we do than that?"

"Nothink, sir."

Colton mused a moment.

"Beggin' yer pardin, sir, my h'ol man sys as 'ow tryde 'as gone t' th bloody dorgs."

"Your pater is a man of discernment and I am inclined to agree with him."

He sat before his desk the remainder of the morning, an unusual thing for him to do. Yet his thoughts were not concerned with the ways and means of making the Colton Cream Separator popular in the English market, but were occupied chiefly in recalling, as vividly as possible, every feature, every expression, every trick of speech and walk, every word in any way to be connected with a certain Miss Ransdowne.

He went back to the afternoon he first saw her sobbing on the bench, and from there reviewed every minute he had passed in her presence up to the time she had last left him on the curbing.

When he had drained to the dregs this tiny cup of ambrosia, he attempted to steal from that miserly dispenser of diluted wine the Future. He wondered if she would come again and succeeding in conjuring her, held imaginary conversations with her in which he figured much more brilliantly than he ever did in real ones. He saw her

eyes grow tender, her cheeks rosier—and then he came to himself.

What a chump he was making of himself. He paced the office, lighting cigaret after cigaret, and tried to be square with himself and her. Yes, he might as well admit it, love had suggested itself. But with what right, upon what grounds? Here was a woman who, out of the bigness of her heart, had been decent to him and he was taking advantage of it as any yokel might. But her forehead was so white and pure, her eyes beneath the long lashes so trustingly beautiful—without sacrifice of their brightness, the nose, the mouth, the chin—Bah!

"Tommy."

"Yessir."

"Come here."

The lad stood before him.

"Look at me, Tommy."

"Yessir."

"Do I appear hollow-cheeked to you?"

"Nossir," the boy answered a bit frightened.

"Are there any dark rings below my eyes? Do I look as if I were fading away?"

"Nossir."

"I look intelligent, don't I? Appear sane and normal?"

"Nossir."

"What!"

"I mean, yessir."

Tommy began to blubber. Colton, Jr., tossed him a shilling.

"There! There! That's all, kid. It is n't love; it's lack of exercise."

Whereupon he strode from the office and walked ten English miles before lunch. Then he took his seat in the gardens and fixed his hungry eyes on the path. He sat so for an hour and then she came. The whole world brightened, and from sitting at an iron table in a noisy outdoor café he leaped in a second to the cheeriest, most sun-brightened retreat in all England.

"But I am glad to see you!" he exclaimed, taking her hand. She felt the strength and warmth of his grip through her gloved fingers for several minutes. And she must have radiated some of the joy that was his—else it was within her, too, for it glistened in her eyes.

"Do you know you make me feel quite American—all in a minute."

"I'd like to make you wholly so and for all time," was in his heart.

"I envy the American girl," she went on. "They are allowed to be so much to themselves."

"Pretend for the day that you are one," he suggested. "Listen!" he ran on, fired with a new idea and encouraged by a look of which she was wholly unconscious. "I know a hamlet not far out—just beyond the turmoil—where the hawthorne is blooming. Let's go out there. We can take a hansom for a way and then walk a little."

"I wish I dared," she whispered.

"But you are an American now. An American dares anything."

Still she hesitated. She felt a new spirit stirring within her—a spirit of defiance. There was no intrinsic harm in going. She trusted this man as well as if she had known him all her life. Then again she knew this would be the last time and she wished to throw off for a day the chains which from then on would weigh her down.

"I will go," she said.

"Ah! that is the American in you—that will! Come."

That ride out there! She sat far back in a corner until they were without the crowded streets, and then how gayly she chatted, how eagerly she listened! It seemed to him but a minute they sat there side by side; but a minute that he felt her sleeve brush his, that he caught the subtle perfume of her hair.

Then came the long walk along the hedge-bounded road, past quaint inns, Queen Anne cottages, and green meadows where fat sheep nibbled at peace. The air was full of the song of birds and the perfume of flowers, and sunshine. Colton, Jr., found himself talking of his home life and college life because she led him on to it and listened so eagerly. She in turn, told him many little episodes of her life and he wondered that there was a note of sadness running through them. But she ended by looking up into his face with a laugh so delicious that he longed to take her into his arms.

"Oh if we could only be ourselves—just ourselves!" she exclaimed, at the end of a brief silence.

"That is our right," he said.

"But some of us have no right to use that right," she answered; "and some times that means the sacrifice of a whole life."

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly.

"No," she answered, "I have dared much today but I daren't tell you that."

A chorus of hoarse shouting came to Colton's ears. He stopped to listen; it seemed to come from over the crest of the short hill before him. The next second a scarlet-eyed cur, frothing at the mouth, scrambled into sight, a crowd of men armed with clubs at his heels. They waved their arms frantically, raising the cry of "Mad dog!" The girl crept close to Colton's side. There was little time for thought. He needed little. Taking her up in his arms, he whispered,

"Be very quiet."

The animal made straight for him and yet he never moved, save to shift his full weight to his left foot. The crowd had stopped in horror. As the animal sprang, Colton raised his right foot with all the force that used to make the grand stands shriek at the mighty punt. The cur fell a dozen feet away and lay insensible. The next second the crowd had pounded him to death.

Then Colton, Jr., became aware of the fact that both the girl's arms were about his neck and that she was sobbing on his shoulder. He lowered her to the ground very reluctantly, very gently. They hurried away from the crowd which had gathered around them in admiration of Colton's nerve.

When they were seated in a hansom for the return, he said,

"I'm sorry it happened, girl."

"I'm—I'm not," she said in a voice he could scarcely hear. "It was worth while to see one so brave."

Colton actually blushed. That was worse than being carried off the foot ball field on the men's shoulders. Yet he was glad she had said it.

As they neared the gardens, she said,

"You must leave me here."

"I wish I could go on."

"It is n't best—it is n't possible."

"But I can make it possible; I will make it possible. I'll haunt the hotels and the American Express and the bank till I find





DRAWN BY ANGUS MAC DONALL

She was sobbing on his shoulder.

someone I know. Then I'll make them—"

She smiled a little sadly,

"No. It's part of the sacrifice."

"But you'll come again?"

"Perhaps—once more."

In another minute the hansom was mixed in with fifty others.

It was ten days before she came again. On the tenth day Colton, Jr., bought a copy of the London Graphic, and taking his usual seat, resumed his vigil. He ordered his tea, lighted his cigaret and crossed one leg over the other. Then he began carelessly turning the pages, glancing at the pictures. There was a full page photograph of a railroad wreck and another of a new dry-dock. Then a spirited sketch of his Majesty's troops routing a party of Boers. Then a picture of Earl Northrope and his prospective bride, Lady Mary Ransdowne. Colton, Jr., stared at this several minutes without moving. The perspiration started from his forehead and, mechanically drawing a handkerchief, he wiped it away. When he looked up the Lady Mary was standing before him.

"Oh, you've seen!" she exclaimed; "I'm so sorry."

"Is it true?" he demanded in a voice not his own.

She made no answer.

He glanced again at the picture. It was a very good likeness.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she repeated.

Sinking into a chair at the table, she leaned across it looking with a quick upward glance into his eyes. She had never been more beautiful than at that moment.

"It is n't your fault," he answered, as if in response to a question, "but it is n't right—it is n't right. You belong to me."

His face was strained with pain. She dropped her hand upon his sleeve.

The children were romping about the grass and the sleepy elephant came up for a load of them, slouching off solemnly as if at the head of a funeral cortège.

He heard her saying,

"It was true, but—but it isn't any longer."

He did not dare understand her. He demanded what she meant with a fierceness that at first frightened her and then sent ripples of blushes over her cheeks.

"I saw him yesterday. I told him I—I could n't."

"Mary!" he whispered, half in doubt.

And the ecstatic tone in which he pronounced this simple name, supplied to her all a poet might have said.

He sat very still, gazing at her as one does a timid bird upon the point of springing again into the sky. Then he murmured below his breath, but very distinctly so that she caught every word.

"There is, not far from here, a little village called Gretna Green. Will you come with me?"

Her head whirled.

"If you do, you will return an American—a full-fledged American. Then we'll go back where you'll always be just Mary but," and his hand gripped hers over the table, "you'll be as the queen herself."

She did not answer or start, but gazed with radiant eyes into a space that was all blue and gold to her. He continued,

"I'm not stealing you. You are already mine, heart and soul, as I am yours. It was all I came over here for—to find you."

He spoke almost awesomely. Then fiercely, "It is the others who would steal; they would steal you from me."

For answer, her hand cuddled softly within his. The waiter who had been so liberally tipped, that loaf cast upon the waters, turned his back and began to busy himself at the opposite table.

"It's all very true," she answered.

"Then you'll come?"

"I must," she answered steadily, but with eyes glowing with eager confidence.

"I—I can't help but come."

That evening, for with characteristic American speed he had closed his London office, discharged the astonished T. Pettithworth with six months' extra salary, and engaged accommodations on a steamer sailing that night for New York, Mr. and Mrs. Colton, Jr., stood in the cable office. Colton, Jr., had just finished one message which read:

Anglo-Saxon alliance completed. Sail today for advice and blessing.

It was addressed to Colton, Sr.

The woman at his elbow, the operator being busy counting words, cuddled her

cheek a brief second against his shoulder.

"That was easy," said he, "but the next —" And he whistled softly.

"You'd best address it to mother," she advised timidly.

"But, my lord, as boss—"

"You don't understand," she interrupted, all tremulous little blushes. "Let me write it."

When she handed back the telegram to him, her hand trembled a little. He read:

Please don't worry, mother, dear. I am sailing just as you did twenty-five years ago—only the other way. When you know all, you will be very happy for me.

He stared blankly at it.

"Mother was born in New York," she explained.

He gazed, still not understanding, into her star bright eyes.

"Lord Ransdowne met her there on a visit. Grandpapa hated Englishmen."

"And so—and so he took her?"

She nodded vigorously, laughing in childish joy at his amazement.

"Well," answered Colton, Jr., with a beatific grin, "as near as I can figure it out, we are now on their one yard line and it's only the first down."

It was her turn not to understand, but the operator being again busy counting words, Colton, Jr., kissed his bride on one pink cheek, and that she did understand.

The operator, a decent sort, bent a little lower over his desk.

## Twelve Good Men and True

BY AGNES MORLEY CLEVELAND

"But your son, say you, have ver' good farm back there in Ohio. You can raise money on that, no?"

Naragon Salsido leaned back in his swivel chair and brought the palms of his hands together lightly. He was a ponderous man, unlike the men of his race, and the motion was suggestive of a tiger cat toying with a mouse.

The man opposite him raised his hoary head and shot back a defiant answer.

"I've given you every cent I have in the world. I dare not turn my wife and myself out of doors. You took this case for three thousand dollars and you have your money. For God's sake, man, be satisfied."

There was a tragic ring in the aged voice, but the man in the swivel chair did not wince. He spoke softly, musically, with persuasion.

"When trouble comes to us we mus' expect to pay him what is our friend and helps us. I tol' you at the first that no man in Chavez county but Naragon Salsido can keep your son from Santa Fé. I tol' you a true word, and it was a harder case than I think it will be. I mus' have five hundred dollars more to keep my promise. When your son come free he

can take care of you an' your wife, no?"

"But the case has gone to the jury. They may bring in a verdict at any time. Everyone says my son cannot be convicted on the evidence. I don't see the need of more money."

The old man was pleading now, and Naragon's beady eyes took on a new light. He ran his thick fingers through his straight black hair and smiled patronizingly.

"You don' know things in New Mexico ver' good, I see. That jury bring in a verdict when Naragon Salsido say so. One time I keep the jury out seven days and seven nights. The judge he think he make Naragon Salsido give in. He put the jury on bread and water for three days. But the' don' agree. That judge he awful mad but he learn who he deal with. I tell you this so you know you deal with Naragon Salsido."

The threat had struck home and the lawyer followed up his advantage.

"For five hundred dollars I make Luerra Vigil vote acquittal an' your son go home with you tomorrow. If Luerra Vigil don' vote acquittal, then we try the case over again nex' May and maybe so you give me five hundred dollars

then. Your son stay in jail till then, too."

The old man was white, and he wiped the perspiration from his face. Naragon believed that his triumph was at hand, and lest it slip from him, continued:

"Nex' May the court docket ver' full. Maybe so we don' get to his case nex' May. But five hundred dollars bring in a verdict in two hours. I don' get five hundred dollars, the jury hang—'leven to one."

Ezra Barker rose unsteadily to his feet. He stretched a shaking hand at the man in the swivel chair before him. His voice rose shrill and thin.

"You are a dirty scoundrel. You took this case for three thousand dollars and told me you could acquit my boy of a charge of which you know, and the world knows, he is innocent. Because it was a Mexican he killed—killed to save his own life, everyone told me, 'Get Naragon Salsido to defend him or he will not come clear; no white man ever came clear when Naragon Salsido prosecutes.' So I, fool that I was, and fool because I was a stranger to your ways and your reeking cesspool of law courts, I hired you to defend my boy. Now you tell me that unless I blacken my soul with the filth of bribery, you—you, the man in honor bound to defend him—you will keep him in this hell of a county jail till you can wring from me my last cent and the home I have worked fifty years to provide for the old age of my wife and myself! God ought to strike you dead!"

His voice broke and he sank into his chair.

The eyes in the swarthy face glittered with an evil light and the huge chest rose and fell heavily, but when the voice sounded it was soft and mollifying.

"You are an ol' man an' my race always treat an ol' man with respect. I forget what you say in your madness. I give you one hour to decide where you get five hundred dollars—or I hang that jury. Good afternoon."

As Ezra Barker staggered along the sun-flooded street the ground seemed to sway beneath his feet. Hot dust filled his nostrils and the glare of whitewashed adobe blinded him. He looked sick and decrepit as he walked, his head bent, his

shoulders drooping as if they carried an unsupportable burden.

Into the little *plaza*, where a row of cottonwood trees gave a grateful shade, the old man crept and sank upon a bench. His eyes slowly took in the objects before him and a new bitterness swept over him. Low and mean seemed the houses, and low and mean the human beings who passed him by with curious glances; slovenly natives reeking of vile tobacco, and unkempt white men who strode along with a stumbling gait due to long experience with treacherous sidewalks.

"And this is the United States!" muttered Ezra. "Here, where they must translate every word into a foreign language for the understanding of citizens of the country! Citizens! Savages who rule the lives of God-fearing Christians! My boy, my boy, you lie in yonder jail because a low beast of a Mexican wants to strip your mother and me of our last rag of clothing, to snatch from our lips the last mouthful of bread, to take from us our independence—dearer than both."

The old man's head sank on his breast and tears welled from the dim eyes. The toil-worn hands clasped and unclasped in silent misery. When he again looked up he found a man leaning on the picket fence of the *plaza* and watching him intently.

"Another of those Mexican brutes!" said Ezra to himself, looking defiantly into the eyes that rested on him. "Brute, to come and gloat in my misery."

The man by the fence moved forward. He was a boy with a man's stature. The liquid brown eyes conveyed their message to Ezra in spite of himself.

"*Buenas días, señor,*" said a soft voice that fell gently on the ear.

Ezra smiled and shook his head.

"I don't understand your talk," he said wearily.

"You Thad-is Ba-ka's farda, no?" The broken English came shyly, but in the boy's look was something that held Ezra's eager attention.

"Yes, I'm Thad Barker's father," he said kindly, grateful for human sympathy even from one of the despised of this godless country.

"Thad-is Ba-ka ver' good man. I know





DRAWN BY HOWARD HEATH

"I have given you every cent I had in the world."

know heem." There was a dreamy look in the brown eyes. "One time he keep me from get keel."

"Thad saved your life," cried Ezra, his eyes lighting. "How?"

"I am one *borreguero*—sheep herder, you call heem—and I have my *partida*—my sheepes—in San Mateos. I keep them away from lan' of Americanos, but the' bad men in San Mateos. Americanos ver' bad men—always bad men to us—us who have the lan' before Americanos come. One day two men, two cowboy—ver' bad men, cowboy—come and begin keel me by hit me over the head with seex-shooter. I got no gun an' the' keel me easy. Then come 'nother man an' I think the' all keel me.

But the man what come take hees seex-shooter an' say if the' don' stop keel me, he keel them. The' don' keel me no more. That man Thad-is Bak-a. I like help heem now."

Ezra's eyes filled as he looked into the boy's eager face. "I wish you could but I am afraid there is nothing you can do."

"Thad-is Ba-ka ver' good man," the boy repeated with the faraway look in his eyes. "He don' keel Mexicanos for he wan' to. He keel José for José keel heem. José bad man."

"Thad's a good boy, a good boy," murmured Ezra looking beyond the figure that stood with easy grace before him. "He always was a good boy."



"Why you cry now?" asked the Mexican with sudden sympathy.

Ezra hesitated. He doubted the wisdom of telling his trouble to a stranger, even as kindly a one as this boy.

"I think maybe Naragon Salsido make you cry now," the boy continued. "I think maybe I know how help Thad-is Ba-ka now."

He sat down on the bench beside Ezra and spoke rapidly in broken English. When he left with a deferential bow, Ezra rose and walked with lightened step back to the low adobe house on whose door hung the gilded sign, "Naragon Salsido, attorney-at-law."

The lawyer smiled suavely as Ezra entered.

"You have get me five hundred dollars?" he queried with a confidence that struck a chill to the none too stout heart of the old man.

"I can't have it for you till tomorrow," was the reply, accompanied by a silent prayer to God to forgive the deceit.

Naragon frowned and brought the palms of his hands together lightly. "I don't like to keep the jury out all night again—I don't like do it. They don't like stay, an' some day some man say to me, 'I don't wan' go on jury,' but I do it one more time. I wan' verdic' tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. You know that?"

Ezra nodded hastily and fled.

The narrow street beneath the frowning walls of the court house lay dark and forbidding between two rows of squat houses that stretched away in an irregular line to the open country. No light shone from the shuttered windows and a wayfarer might well pause before choosing that path. On the low concrete wall surrounding the court house, a man with a shotgun sat kicking his heels against the plaster. Above his head a thin line of light shone from the crack between the drawn shades of the jury-room window.

The man with the shotgun implied a sincerity of purpose on the part of the present judge.

Suddenly, on the still air, sounded a whistle, low, vibrating, far-carrying. The shotgun was shifted silently and the man on the wall came alert. The whistle came

nearer, penetrating the night air in a long cadence that thrilled with melody. Then a form appeared walking leisurely down the dark length of the street. As it approached the thread of light from the jury-room window, the whistle broke suddenly into a wild, weird paean, seemingly impossible to come from human throat. Then slowly it died away in the shadowy silence of the street beyond.

"Well, I'll be damned!" muttered the man on the wall, and as the ray of light thrown from the window above wavered on the opposite wall, he glanced hastily upward. But the jury-room curtain hung rigid.

For another half hour the man sat kicking his heels against the wall and swearing to himself, cursing the long night before him. Then suddenly his ears caught the sound of movement in the room above. A door opened and there followed the noise of passing feet. The man laughed aloud.

"They've agreed!" he shouted, regardless of who might or might not hear.

Soon hurrying forms came from many directions and entered the court house. Naragon Salsido strode along the dark street with the manner of a man going to the rescue of his country. But in the court room the glare of lights showed his face wondering, perplexed but, withal, craftily confident.

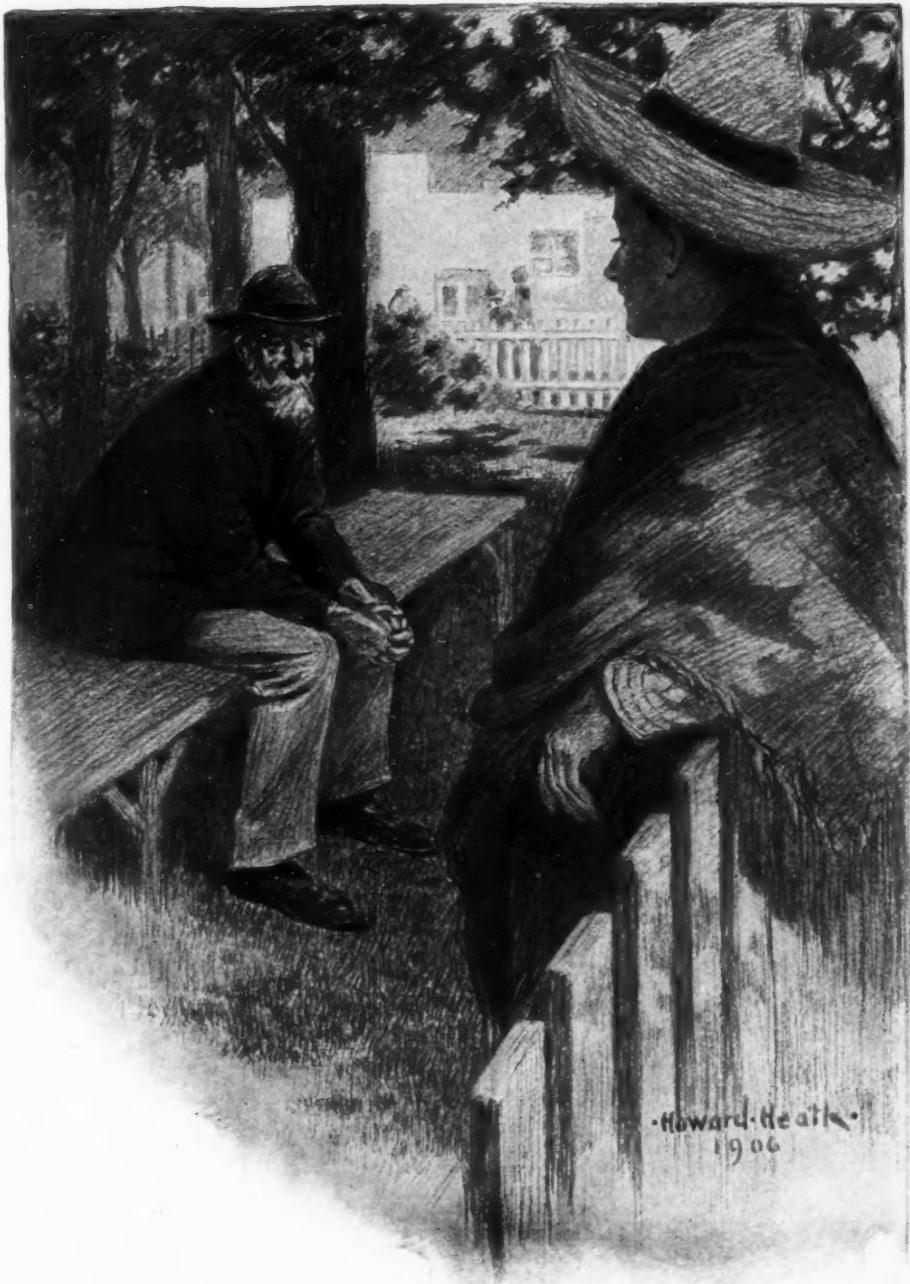
Twelve drawn, weary looking beings filed into the jury box. Seven of them were Mexicans. In the room was a handful of men—men who had waited thirty hours for the filing in of that jury. Ezra Barker was there, his face quivering with a fearful hope.

The foreman arose and said simply, "We find a verdict of 'Not Guilty.'"

He sat down wearily and Ezra clenched his teeth to keep from sobbing aloud.

Naragon Salsido had turned faintly yellow. He stared at the foreman as if doubting the evidence of his senses. Then a dull red drove out the yellow and his eyes glittered. Luerra Vigil saw, and a sickening fear came over him. Naragon Salsido was angry, but why? Had not he, Vigil, heard the signal?

"Gentlemen of the jury, *Señores del jurado*," the court interpreter snatched the words from the judge's lips and flung



DRAWN BY HOWARD HEATH

"You Thad-is Ba-ka's farda, no?"

them in Mexican at the jury box, "I want to thank you for your interest in this case, for your patience, for the worthy manner in which you have performed your duty. The verdict shows that you have let no



DRAWN BY HOWARD HEATH

In the dark street a figure stood.

considerations other than truth and justice influence you. The fact that it took you long to come to a decision proves that you did not act without deliberation and a thorough consideration of the evidence. When a man on trial for his life must be

judged by his fellow citizens, fortunate is he if he stands before twelve good men, 'twelve good men and true'—*'doce hombres buenos y verdaderos'*—the echo gave back the words,—*"and I now dismiss you, thanking you again for your noble performance of your duty—"* *"por la ejecución noble del obligación de vós."*

Out on the corner of the dark street a silent figure stood in the deep shadow of a cottonwood tree. Two men approached him; one, slight, bent, and clinging to the arm of the other, strong, erect, tenderly supporting his companion. The figure in the shadow moved swiftly forward.

"Thad-is Ba-ka, I wan' say *'come le va?'* to you."

Ezra darted forward and threw his arms about the boy's neck. "Take his hand, Thad. Take his hand," he cried. "He did it. He did it."

Thad Barker looked on wondering—wondering if joy had bereft his father of his senses. The Mexican laughed low. "You don't let me get keel in San Mateos, Thad-is Ba-ka, and now I wheesle and help you."

Thad Barker took the boy's hand in his. "I don't understand," he said slowly. "You whistle and help me?"

"Only one man but me can wheesle that way. I go with heem with a *partida* and he wheesle all day that way an' say no man can wheesle like heem. We long time alone an' I learn wheesle but he don't know I learn. When Naragon Salsido say no man but Manuel Barreros wheesle that way he don't know."

"Go, on, go on," urged Ezra breathlessly.

"One day Manuel *bolado*, drunk, and he talk big. He say he get money for wheesle. When I see Manuel stan' all day by the house of Naragon Salsido, I know why he wait; but I go wheesle before Manuel. I ver' glad, Thad-is Ba-ka, you go home with you' far-da."

## Deceivers Ever

BY EMMA LEE WALTON

The telephone rang insistently, belligerently and Terry, standing beneath, gazed up at it, his fingers aching. Forbidden to talk into it since his memorable conversation with the Fire Department when his father had been obliged to present a box of cigars to Company No. 7, and five dollars to the Firemen's Benevolent Association, he yet longed to discover whose impatient summons was the cause of the violent and repeated ringings. Nora was in the kitchen with the door closed, and Molly had not taken the trouble to answer the telephone since Clarence, the grocer's boy, went to Minneapolis. His mother and his Aunt Nellie were shopping and there was not another soul in the house.

The bell rang again and Terry made up his mind with characteristic suddenness. Plain duty obliged him to push the hassock up to the wall and stand, tiptoe, upon it to reach the lowered transmitter. Gifted by an evil genius with remarkable powers of mimicry he had no fear of detection if he took his mother's part with care.

"Hello!" he called cautiously.

"Hello!" came the answer. "Great Scott, I thought I'd never get you! How are you this morning?"

It was a man. Terry changed his mind and decided to impersonate his Aunt Nellie, feeling that otherwise there would be no conversation.

"Who is this, please?" he asked politely. "I don't recognize the voice."

"I thought you'd heard it enough of late," laughed the unknown. "This is Bob Talbot."

Terry had an impression of having heard his Aunt Nellie call this young man by his Christian name but there were heights to which even he dared not soar, and he compromised on politeness, always a strong card in moments of doubt.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Talbot," he said cordially. "Is n't this a perfectly lovely day?"

"I called you up, Miss Formality," said Mr. Talbot, "to ask what you have decided about tonight. Will you go?"

There was a hymn Terry sang in Sunday-school about "Will you go," and he was on the point of offering to sing it when he remembered that he was Aunt Nellie and it would n't do.

"I beg pardon?" he said, to gain time and decide on his next move.

"Will you go?" a somewhat impatient voice repeated. "What's the matter with the connection, anyhow? I can hardly hear you."

"Yes, is n't it perfectly terrible?" Terry echoed, with Aunt Nellie's rising inflection. "I'll ask Central. Hold the wire."

The second connection made, Talbot began again and Terry was charmingly cordial.

"Can you hear me, now?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," Terry replied nodding and smiling coquettishly. "Yes, Mr. Talbot, too sweet for anything."

"I wanted to ask you," went on the young man in a strangely ruffled voice, "if you can go tonight."

"To tell the truth," said Terry with commendable honesty, "I have n't any idea what it's all about."

"You forget easily," Mr. Talbot replied in a hurt voice. "It's to see 'Cousin Kate,' and you know I've had the tickets for days."

The hassock slipped and while he made it more secure Terry pondered a moment. Aunt Nellie had said she'd read to him after he went to bed some night that week and this was Saturday, the last chance. She had been out or had had company every single other night, and it was n't fair. He might die Sunday morning and he knew she'd feel terrible if she had neglected such a simple thing.

"Nellie," said the voice at the other end of the telephone, "I'm waiting."

"What time does it begin?"

"Eight fifteen. I'll be up there at quarter to eight if you say so. How is your mother?"

Terry went to bed every night at the cruelly early hour of eight no matter if the



house burned down or the world came to an untimely end.

"Well, no," he said coolly, "I scarcely think I can go." There was an ominous silence and then Mr. Talbot spoke again.

"You have an engagement?"

"Yes," said Terry, "I have."

"I asked you to save this one evening for me," came a low voice Terry could scarcely hear. "Is it Richards again?"

"No," said Terry cheerfully, "I promised to read for an hour or two, to my dear little nephew tonight."

For a whole minute the receiver buzzed at Terry's ear and fright began to take possession of his soul. Then a reply came that relieved him greatly.

"Very well, then," said Talbot shortly, "I'll not bother you any more."

"Oh, thank you ever so much," cried Terry, whose toes were aching with the strain. "No bother at all, I assure you. Good bye."

He was very careful to hang the receiver with the small end up, for it was a fatal mistake in this very thing that had led to his detection the day of the "false alarm," and after he had put the hassock back in its accustomed corner, he felt well content with his morning. He went to the bookcase at once, and selecting the King Arthur book, laid it ostentatiously on the table where anyone might see it was waiting to be read. Then he forgot, for a time, all about it, for Petey Stubbs whistled under the window as he went by on his paper route and Terry had to run to catch up with him.

In spite of the delicate hint on the library table Terry went to bed storyless that night, for Aunt Nellie had on her pink dress and her long gloves and was standing up in the parlor in order not to crush

her flounce, when eight o'clock struck.

"I'm sorry, Terry, dear," she said gently. "Some other night I will. Bob never was so late before, Joan."

"Perhaps he had trouble getting a cab," her sister ventured. "I'll be back as soon as I get Terry to bed. He's so sleepy he does n't know what he's doing."

At half-past nine, had Terry been awake to notice, he would have seen a sorrowful

pink figure steal past his door on tiptoe, her head bent low and her hands, unmindful of rumpled flounce and dragging train, crushing most cruelly a faded white rose. She had held her head high for a miserable hour, but with George and Joan safe in the library below, there was no one near to comment on the tragedy written in her face. She was angry with herself to find it mattered at all what Bob did, but no one, not even Joan, must ever know that she cared, not if she died for it. It was better that way, anyhow, and she was very, very, glad she had found it out in time to kill at a blow all her liking for him. A sudden hatred of modern inventions seized her, for oh, excuse him as she might, there was still the cold, hard fact that he might have telephoned. After all, she thought, as she miserably turned out her light, the wild west

and a log cabin in uncertainty would have been better than the pretty little room, the new pink dress, and the knowledge that was hers.

Something was wrong the whole week with Aunt Nellie, for though she read to him she did not read cheerfully and she was too inclined to fall to thinking and forget him. She went to some parties from which she came home early with Mr. Richards, to whose chocolates Terry always fell



DRAWN BY MAGNOL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

"Thank you, ever so much."





DRAWN BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

A sorrowful figure stole past his door.

heir on Wednesday nights. Whether Mr. Talbot ever brought candy he could n't say, never having tasted any. Just now he was not asking questions about this young man, considering discretion the better part of valor. He kept his guilty secret the whole dreadful week and it was not Aunt Nellie either who was the first to learn the truth.

The second Sunday morning, while Terry lay silent in the corner of the big window-seat in the library, hoping they would forget to take him to church, his mother came in with his Aunt Nellie and he learned the enormity of his offense. His mother closed the library door after her and stood by Aunt Nellie's chair, plainly in great distress. As for Aunt Nellie she leaned back, restlessly, and sighed impatiently.

"If you've any idea of pleading for him," she said, "you might as well take the time for something else. I've given him a week in which to explain, and now he need n't come near me."

"There must be some mistake," his mother insisted earnestly. "He is so nice, Nellie, dear, he could n't."

"You've said that before, but he did," Aunt Nellie replied severely. "He's kept me in total ignorance as to why he did n't come that Saturday night and he has n't even tried to see me since."

"You weren't sure mother 'd be well enough to let you go," her sister said. "Maybe he was sick."

"Sick!" she cried scornfully. "Hercules never was sick! Besides, there are telephones. I don't want to hear another word about him from you or anyone else."

"I'll not say anything further," his mother assented calmly. "I've nothing more to say when you compare Bob Talbot to a god. He does n't look like Apollo to me."

"I did n't; I said 'Hercules.'"

"You meant Apollo; you always get them mixed," his mother said. "And I think you're a very foolish girl to act in this way without giving him a chance to explain."

Aunt Nellie rose, her cheeks a pretty pink and her chin in the air.

"I don't care what you think," she de-

clared, her hand on the door-knob. "I don't care about Bob's excuses. I never did like men and he's the worst of the lot. Boy or man they're all not to be trusted. Oh Joan!" she cried, with a little break in her voice, "what a poor, poor, thing it is to be nothing but a girl."

Terry's mother gathered his Aunt Nellie up in her arms and they went out together, leaving him to a stunned realization of an unpleasant duty. Here was a tangled web of Terry's own weaving, and the way out was as plain to him as the little snub nose on his face. Mr. Talbot must be found and he must find him.

He looked down in approval at his shiny shoes and smoothed out his collar with remorseful fingers. He had succeeded fairly well in getting it too rumpled for church, but when he had lain down on the window-seat this visit had not been even remotely possible, and now he was sorry. His hat was upstairs whither his mother had gone, so his bicycle cap must do duty perforce, though he felt in every bone of his aristocratic little body, the incongruous jarring part it played with his patent leather shoes. He felt very much as he had the day he was obliged to break the news to Mrs. Miller that his ball had entered her parlor by way of the plate-glass window. There was a decidedly unpleasant sensation in the region of his stomach. If he did n't start at once he knew his knees would get weak and then he could n't go at all.

Mr. Talbot's house he knew very well because it was the tallest one in the next block, and Aunt Nellie was afraid of the dog and would n't go past there. Terry was not timorous about dogs, but he was thoroughly frightened when the heavy door was opened by a tall black man in a uniform. He thought at first it was a policeman, but there was n't any star so it could n't be. He hesitated so long that the man became impatient and was starting to close the door when Mr. Talbot came up the steps and spoke to him.

"Did you want to see me?" he asked.

"Come in, Terry."

Terry took off his cap and smoothed his collar as he gazed into the hall where the terrible man was vanishing.



DRAWN BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

Left to a realization of his duty.

"No—no thank you," he said nervously. "I came on an errand."

"An errand?" Mr. Talbot asked eagerly. "Did—did anybody send you?"

"No, I sent myself."

"Oh!" disappointedly. "I suppose you're selling tickets or taking subscriptions for something?"

"No, sir," Terry said bravely. "If you'll close the front door so he won't hear, I'll tell you."

Mr. Talbot closed the door and perched on the railing of the porch.

"Now, let's have it," he said cheerfully.

"What's the row?"

"Well," said Terry. "It was me. I can talk like anybody and bark like three kinds of dogs. I hope you'll excuse my collar."

Mr. Talbot bowed politely. "Go on," he said.

"Well, I told you," continued Terry im-



DRAWN BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

"It was me that telephoned that Saturday.

patiently. "It was me that telephoned that Saturday."

"The dickens!"

"Yes, was n't it a pretty good voice I had?"

"Do you mean to tell me, Terry Bartlett, it was you who turned me down and said all that rank nonsense about your dear little nephew?"

"Ye—yes."

Mr. Talbot beat a tattoo on the railing with his heels.

"Look here, young man," he said severely, "did you tell your Aunt Nellie?"

"Sure not. I thought you'd better do that. That's what I came for."

"Why did n't you come before?"

"I only found out about it just now. They came into the library and talked about it."

"What must she think about me!"

"Oh! I know," said Terry, easily. "She says you're her Culees and you're never sick."

"Her what?"

"Her Culees. That's some kind of a strong man."

"Oh, Hercules. Go on."

"That's all, only she said some things and mamma said—"

"What did Aunt Nellie say?"

"Oh I don't know, a whole lot. I can't begin to remember everything she says. Gee, it would take a book!"

"Was she sorry? Answer me."

"I'm going to, if you'll give me time. She said she did n't care, and you aren't to be trusted. She cried a whole lot because she does n't like being a girl. I don't blame her, either. Gee, I'd rather die!"

Mr. Talbot was halfway down the steps before Terry realized he had moved and he had to hurry to fall into step with his stride. Terry was immensely relieved to have it all over, for, strange to say, Mr. Talbot was n't a bit angry but seemed, on the contrary, rather pleased. Chocolates or no chocolates he was surely a finer man than Mr. Richards.

"It looks as if you were going home with me," Terry said gaily. "I hope we're too late for church."

"I don't, you rascal, you," laughed Mr. Talbot. "For I'm going to church with Aunt Nellie."



# The Thespian

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER

The minority of the metropolitan critics who maintained that Laidlaw could not act might have seen cause to reverse their dictum had they been privileged to witness his instant control of expression and manner when suddenly confronted with the discovery that Paula Braeme had construed what he considered simple courtesy as something more. Oddly enough, in view of his prolonged apotheosis, Laidlaw was not a cad, and his immediate impulse was to protect the girl from the possible realization of her error.

Nothing could possibly have been further from Laidlaw's intent. An instant's reflection showed him that his automatically uttered pretty speeches might have carried more significance than he had intended; he recognized (purely as an asset) the potency of his beautiful voice, with the caressing quality in its depths that gave a tender value to its lightest utterance; he realized the devotional quality of his manner toward all woman-kind—a manner which no amount of effort on his part could render entirely impersonal; he knew from long experience the glamour which invests the stage hero in the eyes of youth; consequently, though he deplored the girl's misconception of the situation, he was impartially able to locate the responsibility therefor and to accept it accordingly.

Thus when Paula, placing a personal interpretation upon what he had intended as a glittering generality, had turned to him with his name on her lips and her face alight with a rapture that transfigured it, he had taken his cue on the instant; had caught her hands in his and breathed with the proper infusion of hope, longing, and entreaty, in his tone.

"Paula, can you—do you—is it possible that you—care?"—and poor little Paula, lifted out of her wonted reserve in the presence of the miracle that the god of her young idolatry had stooped to love her, had thrown herself into his arms.

Here was a state of things! Laidlaw, obsessed with a potential passion for the

pretty actress who was to play opposite him next season, had scarcely given a thought to Paula, with whom, as the one and only young woman at this quietest of seaside resorts (which he had selected solely for its seclusion) he had inevitably been much thrown. He had noted in a general way that the girl was not bad looking; he had found her companionable and had frankly enjoyed her society; but he was wholly guiltless of anything remotely resembling flirtatious intent as regarded her and he had been honestly surprised and shocked when he perceived that she had construed *camaraderie* as courtship. The *dénouement* had indeed been so entirely unexpected that, for a moment, he had groped for his lines; but the actor's habitual *aplomb* had instantly asserted itself and he had proceeded to play up to her with a celerity and skill that might have passed muster with the most critical audience. It passed with Paula, and Laidlaw for the nonce thanked the fate that had cast him for a perennial line of lovers. He had played Romeo to too many Juliets of assorted ages, styles, and sizes to be less than letter-perfect in the rôle.

"Paula," he said—and the tremor in his tone was eloquent—"I don't deserve this!" He did n't really. He had consciously done nothing whatever to warrant the outpouring of the girl's soul upon him.

"Oh," she whispered, clinging to him, "if you knew how utterly unworthy I feel myself—the earthen vessel and the star—"

"No star, forsooth," smiled Laidlaw, sparring for time, "but that infinitely lesser luminary, a leading man."

"My star at least," she breathed, and laid her head against his breast. Laidlaw winced. He would have given much to free himself from that clinging clasp; he felt himself the veriest blackguard in allowing her thus innocently to lavish herself upon him; yet since there was nothing in particular to be done about it, he strove to accept it impersonally, to regard it as the necessary "business" incident to the rôle,



quite as when Miss Davenant, fat, fair and something more than forty, flung herself upon his neck, in the third act and hailed him "love, lord, aye husband, friend!"

"Ernest," he became vaguely aware of the girl's tremulous whisper, "are you sure that you really love me, me? I can't quite realize it."

Laidlaw never lied unless it was absolutely necessary. It seemed necessary now. Wittingly or unwittingly, he had led her into this maze of misapprehension, yet her confiding sincerity made it difficult for him to utter a deliberate falsehood, even for the sake of sparing her. He tried to temporize, to evade the issue.

"Dear," he urged, half in command, half in entreaty, "Look at me!"

His eyes, lied for him more eloquently than any words could have done; but Paula was not content.

"Say it, please, Ernest," she pleaded insistently, "I want to hear you say it."

And Laidlaw said it, said it earnestly, tenderly, convincingly, with the impassioned thrill in his voice which so stirred the pulses of the *matinée* maids.

With a little rapturous cry the girl lifted her face and Laidlaw, who knew the "business" belonging to the rôle too well to miss his cue, bent and (to his credit be it said) reluctantly and remorsefully kissed her.

"I love you, love you, love you," she murmured, with her cheek pressed to his. Laidlaw drew a long breath. There was but one thing to be done and he did it. He pulled himself together and deliberately and definitely asked Paula Braeme to marry him.

Later he faced the facts. The situation was scarcely a happy one. In love with one woman, though perhaps rather more potentially than positively, he found himself the affianced of another. Apparently but two alternatives offered; he might quixotically sacrifice himself and his inclinations and fulfill the letter of his bond; or he might pursue the, to him, impossible, if saner and simpler, course and tell the girl the truth. Had Paula been other than she was, he would readily have "seen his part" in the affair; but in the course of a comradeship inevitably close she had unconsciously given him glimpses

of a nature rarely deep and sweet. It was impossible, even in the fact of her misconception, that he should feel for her less than the utmost respect—a fact which merely served to complicate the situation. He was not cad enough to fancy for an instant that the girl's heart was irrevocably involved or that she would pine perennially for love of him; but his keen perception had made him aware that hers was a singularly sensitive nature and he was sure that to let her realize she had unwittingly thrust herself upon an unwilling wooer would be to inflict a lasting hurt. He did not for an instant consider a course which should absolve him at such a cost. His code was not perhaps a lofty one, but such as it was he lived up to it. The present situation was without precedent in his previous experience, though he was naturally no novice in the game of hearts, and he considered and rejected divers expedients, consuming countless cigars in the process, before he devised a solution of the problem whereby the affair should apparently adjust itself and his own vanity alone should suffer.

"But I must n't lay it on with too broad a brush—with too great *impasto* as the painter chaps phrase it," he admonished himself. "Miss Braeme's not stupid, unfortunately, it would simplify matters if she were."

"You 're in luck, Laidlaw," averred Forest. "You could n't ask a better vehicle for your starring venture. Talk about your tailor-mades! If the playwright had taken your measure—"

"Just what he has done, of course. It being noised abroad on the Rialto and elsewhere that Frohmer wanted a vehicle for the display of my gifts and charms, what more natural than that some enterprising author should write a play around me?"

"Wonder who he is, by the way; or why Frohmer should make such a blooming mystery of his identity?"

"Oh, one of his advertising dodges, I fancy. An anonymous production invites interest and speculation. There is an alluring element of chance involved, and the average playgoer's more likely to risk an uncertainty than the conventional, cut-

and-dried situations to which Fletcher's taken to treating us lately."

"Do you know," Forest suggested thoughtfully, "I've rather an idea that the perpetrator in this particular instance is no other than Fletcher himself? Pretty clever scheme I call it! If the play falls flat, he'll remain incog.; if, on the other hand, it makes a hit, he'll take it as another proof of genius, reveal his identity and step forward smiling to receive the plaudits of the multitude."

"Well, it's possible, though I had n't thought of it," the other conceded. "But what puzzles me about the play is not that it should put me through my 'customed paces' in approved style—I've shown them so often that every playwright, manager, and critic in the metropolis knows my capabilities and limitations—but that it is reminiscent, personal, positively biographical in spots, though it's probable that, as in my own case, the idea was n't original—faked, in fact, from the perennial 'David Garrick.' Still the coincidence is a trifle startling."

Forest lit a cigar.

"Like to elucidate?" he suggested.

"If you'd care to hear—though it does n't show me up in a particularly heroic light. Still, as illustrating the various and sundry kinds of fool a man may make of himself on occasion. . . . Briefly then, Forest, the situation on which "Fancy's Fool" hinges, that of *Aylward's* deliberate assumption of the rôle of cad for the disillusionment of *Constance*, infringes upon what I'd fancied (till Frohmer showed me the *scenario* of the new play) a copyright performance of my own. It happened more than a year ago when I was recuperating at Shoreham after a strenuous season. There was a girl—"

"Naturally," Forest interpolated. "There always is a girl in any cast of characters that includes you—"

"She was really the one and only possible young person in the surrounding circumstances (odd state of affairs for a seaside resort, eh?) and a very charming one at that—though the fact did n't immediately impress me. We naturally saw a good deal of each other, but, obsessed as I was with a fancy for another woman, my thought of the girl was entirely impersonal—until—until I found that she had

unfortunately quite misconstrued my manner, which is perhaps—er—misleading—"

"Oh, you need n't explain! I know all about your manner—its well enough in the third act but a trifle *prononcé* for private life. And that voice of yours, Laidlaw! If you could manage to cut out the caressing note in your daily walk and conversation. As it is, you can't offer a woman a seat in a surface car without giving her ample grounds for action for damaged affections—"

"Oh, drop it, Forest! Mine was the sole masculine figure in the foreground; you know but too well the glamour with which the maiden fancy invests the stage hero; the girl was young and impressionable—and moonlight and proximity did the rest. Accordingly I found myself cast for the rôle of *Romeo* on short notice, and only a long and varied stage experience enabled me to take my cue promptly. I did my best—or worst—under the circumstances, with the result that I presently found myself confronted with two alternatives: I might fulfill my bond—of course I asked her to marry me—"

"Rather superfluous, I should say, but you were always a stickler for detail."

"Or, I might enlighten her as to her error—a course I did not consider, though don't imagine I was coxcomb enough to fancy that this would involve anything more than a wound to her pride. The situation was awkward. You see, I fancied myself in love with Viola Farren—"

"It goes without saying that you had n't then had the pleasure of playing opposite her for two stressful seasons. Does the rôle of *Petruchio* still attract you?"

"Not to a noticeable extent. But at the moment she held the center of the stage (a little habit of hers I've since learned) to the exclusion of everyone else. Accordingly my one thought was to find an expedient which should effect my release and yet leave me some shreds of self respect. Dear old 'David Garrick' suggested a solution, but since being 'jocund with the fruitful grape' was rather out of my line, I selected what you'll probably pronounce a more congenial rôle. I played the cad with completeness and finish; I boasted of my conquests and flaunted my flirtations;

I insisted upon showing her (with sundry caddish comments) my private correspondence and lay awake at night composing puppyish speeches. In short I threw myself into the rôle with such entire abandon that I quite loathed myself. Within a fortnight I received my *congé*. And then—so much for the perversity of human nature—I woke up to what I'd been too much absorbed in my rôle to realize before—"

"You cared?"

"I cared absurdly, abnormally, more than I could have believed myself capable of caring. But it was too late. The note which contained my *congé* conveyed her *adieu* with impressive finality and I found, on investigation, that she and the necessary nonentity who chaperoned her had taken their departure meanwhile, leaving no address. I supposed at first that it would be a very simple matter to trace them, but it was n't. I made every possible effort to find them—short of enlisting the aid of the secret service. I telephoned, telegraphed, wrote, and even made personal pilgrimage to every place I recalled having heard her mention—but to no purpose. I failed to find her."

"I presume," Forest submitted, "that you'd fully considered what you were going to say when you did find her? Nice thing, I should fancy, to approach a lady with the ingratiating assurance that you'd been reduced to playing the cad systematically to rid yourself of her undesired devotion."

"I don't think I considered that at the time," Laidlaw answered simply. "My one thought was to find her. But I failed in my quest. I've never seen her since—I can't even remotely conjecture where she may be. But it hurts to know that wherever she is she thinks as badly of me as I think of myself and despises me to a degree in keeping with my deserts."

"Perhaps,"—Forest removed his cigar and interestedly scrutinized the lighted end,—"perhaps you still care?"

"I care still, as absurdly, as intemperately, as at first—and the deuce of it is I seem doomed to make it a continuous performance. You can fancy then how I shall revel in the rôle of *Aylward*. A fellow enjoys being reminded six nights in the

week (not to mention *matinées*) that he's made a fool of himself and lost, through his own crass stupidity, what he'd give all his hopes of success to win?"

"At all events," Forest unsympathetically assured him, "it's the best part you ever had—the rest of your rôles are mere feeders to it. And, despite the fact that the critics like the play, which is usually a hoodoo, I venture to predict it's a go!"

Forest's prediction was amply verified by the reception accorded the play in the neighboring city where in the vernacular of the profession, it was "tried on the dog;" and—as does not inevitably follow—New York promptly confirmed the canine verdict. When, at the end of the big scene in the third act, the applause kept up after every member of the cast, including the "extras" had gone on and bowed repeatedly, Frohmer turned to Laidlaw, who stood moodily in the wings, his gloom unlightened by the fact that he had taken five curtain-calls at the end of each act, and announced:

"Time to produce the author!" He disappeared—to return with a celerity which suggested preconcentration. Laidlaw turned indifferently, half expecting to see the smug features and set smile of that most successful of American playwrights, Erskine Fletcher. Instead, he found himself looking straight into the eyes of the woman whom for two years he had been seeking. It was Paula, indeed not the crude young creature of his recollection but the 'beauteous flower' into which the bud of his earlier knowledge had blown.

"Star and playwright," was the terse comment of the manager upon what his trained percipience proclaimed a "situation." "Mr. Laidlaw, will you take Miss Braeme on?"

Like one in a dream, Laidlaw found himself before the curtain, hand in hand with Paula Braeme, bowing automatically to a confused blur which to his bewildered brain represented the brilliant first-night audience whose applause now seemed oddly faint and far away. Then they were back in the wings, where a tall, distinguished-looking man with iron gray hair whom Laidlaw recognized as Willard, dean of the metropolitan critics and his

chief detractor, stood waiting for Paula. A tumult of words rushed to Laidlaw's lips, but he could not utter them. He could only stand dumbly, stupidly staring, doubtless looking the fool he felt.

It was Paula herself who broke the awkward silence.

"May I make you my compliments, Mr. Laidlaw?" she said prettily. "You are playing *Aylward* quite as I conceived him and I haven't a suggestion to offer. I should like to thank you and to discuss the part and play at length with you, if you will give me that pleasure. Could you spare me a few moments tomorrow—shall we say at three? Mr. Frohmer will give you the address." He murmured some inane assent and Willard spirited Paula away.

Laidlaw afterward wondered how he got through with the last act and the interval that intervened ere he found himself, still in a semi-somnambulistic state, in a private sitting room at Miss Braeme's hotel, impatiently awaiting the entrance of Miss Braeme herself. When, at length she came, all her potentialities for beauty amply fulfilled, as he had but vaguely realized the night before, all her remembered charm re-duplicated, all the crudeness of the raw young girl merged in the *aplomb* of the woman of perfect poise, he knew instantly that the feeling which for two years had dominated his life had been something more than the baseless fancy he had, in his saner moments, striven to believe it.

He felt the color rise in a swift crimson tide to his face as she advanced to meet him, with hands outstretched and the frankest and friendliest of smiles.

"I've been wanting for two years to thank you, Mr. Laidlaw," she began simply and without embarrassment, "for your effort to spare my vanity in the matter of that monumental mistake of mine; yet now that the opportunity offers, I fear I'm unequal to the occasion."

Laidlaw looked as uncomfortable as he felt.

"I beg—I entreat—" he stammered awkwardly. Paula smiled the interruption aside.

"Of course I did n't understand immediately—the fact that I should have mis-

understood in the first instance is sufficient proof of my density—but later I knew and was grateful accordingly. I had abundant leisure, after my melodramatic exit from Shoreham, to review our acquaintance in detail and the process proved illuminative. I had the pleasure of realizing that I had been guilty of the crass error of utterly misconstruing what a woman more versed in the world's ways would have recognized as common courtesy. Also it was borne in upon me that the radical change in your manner dating from your involuntary betrothal to me was, though artistic, something too abrupt—a gentleman does n't turn cad overnight—and by a simple process of illation I decided that you had been playing a part for my disillusionment. You may imagine how abject I felt—yes, and angry, too, at first—though later I was able to realize that I was in fault, that I had placed you in a most awkward position, and that you had taken the kindest and most courteous method of extricating yourself. My gratitude increased with my growing knowledge of the 'uses of this world' (I need n't remind you that I was very young and very crude when I met you first) and I beg that you'll accept my thanks for administering my medicine in the most palatable possible form."

Laidlaw had recovered his composure, though his face was colorless. "Pray go on," he interposed quietly. "Don't mind me, I beg. But at least you will believe that you cannot possibly think worse of me than I think of myself or increase my contempt for myself and the sorry part I played—"

Paula was surveying him with wide-open eyes.

"Is it possible," she queried amazedly, "that you suspect me of sarcasm? Don't you understand—don't you see that I'm absolutely sincere in my appreciation of your thought for me, your effort to spare my pride?"

"I can't imagine such magnanimity—"

"Why, my play, written for and around you, was designed solely to show you that I at last understood and was grateful—a sort of thank-offering, so to speak, though it came perilously near being a burnt offering before I could induce your mana-



ger to read it or to consider it when read."

"His enthusiasm was exceptional—for Frohmer."

"It was n't at first. I had planned what I considered a highly artistic *dénouement*, while Mr. Frohmer held out for the conventional 'happy ending,' and for a time the fate of the play was extremely uncertain. Of course in the end I gave way—"

"Then you had n't intended that *Constance* should forgive *Aylward*? You had meant that he should suffer for his mistake?"

"Not in the least. I had meant to pair him off with the woman he'd loved all the while—a compendium of all the charms and graces—while *Constance* found consolation in her art. But Mr. Frohmer would n't have it so, and so I inflicted her upon *Aylward*—though I still insist that, for once, the managerial instinct was at fault—"

"If there's any virtue in precedent Frohmer was entirely right. *Aylward* probably awoke, when it was too late, to the realization that he'd been a double-distilled idiot, that the woman he fancied he loved was a figment of his own imagination, and that he loved *Constance* as he'd never imagined it possible that any man could love. I speak with authority. Paula, is it possible that you did n't guess that in spite of my accursed folly I loved you, though I realized it only when it was too late? Is it possible you did n't know that I was half distracted at your loss, that I was moving heaven and earth to find you?"

Paula smiled.

"I think," she said demurely, "some vague rumor of that nature did reach my ears, but I attributed the fact to a too rigid construction on your part of *noblesse oblige*."

"And my letters?"

"I received one or two which I ascribed to a like cause, and, with a view to making things easier for you, left them unanswered. As for finding me, I've been here in New York all the while. Instead of returning to the hamlet which had been my home previous to our acquaintance, I

came here and have been here ever since, with the exception of a few months last summer which I spent at Shoreham where I wrote my play. I can assure you I found the place rich in reminiscence and suggestion—"

"Don't," Laidlaw implored. "I deserve it, but it is n't kind. Paula, I know I was a cad, a dolt, and several other disagreeable things—but can't you, won't you, try to believe that I loved you even before I knew it, that I've known it for two years—and suffered in the knowledge? Must I suffer still? Can't you forgive me? I know I don't deserve it, but I'm asking, not in view of my deserts, but of your charity, Paula, dear?"

Paula's face was turned away; her eyes were downcast. She did not speak and Laidlaw read negation in her silence.

"I can't blame you, Paula," he said gently after a moment. "It's my own fault; I put myself forever outside the pale by my own act; I was a conceited cad and behaved like a happy combination of idiot and brute and I don't wonder you can't forgive me. It's all right, dear, and I'll take my medicine without a murmur. But—but I can't play *Aylward* again. You won't ask it, Paula? I'll give up my starring tour; Frohmer must—shall—release me. Forest can play the part perfectly, so my leaving the cast won't affect the success of your play. You see my position, of course, and I feel sure you will not object—"

"On the contrary," Paula's cheeks were pink; there was laughter and something else—something which Laidlaw was at a loss to interpret—in her eyes. "So far from permitting you to throw up the part in question, I'm planning a new rôle for you which I trust you'll find more congenial—"

"Something intimately connected with bells and bauble, doubtless. I can't figure myself in any other—"

The flush on Paula's cheek deepened. She lifted her eyes for an instant, then as quickly let them fall.

"What should you say to that of—*Benedick*?" she whispered.





## Coute Que Coute



was a golden rose satin, petunia-colored, showing softly pink, like the dawn through a mist of clouds.

She must have had a pre-science of what it would become to her, for the sickly sweet heavy odor of its perfume dulled her, so that as she looked upon its loveliness her brain grew misty and dim.

She glanced at the cut-glass and gold clock on her dressing table. The hands marked high noon. The whole afternoon was hers to try its graces before dinner which would precede Mrs. Bloundell's *bal du costume*.

It had lain long in the reserve among her dead mother's things, and with her increased responsibilities she had given no thought to it until now.

It was a dress of a lady-in-waiting to a Duchess of Guise. She ran her fingers over the square-cut bodice with its Valois tabs and its slashed sleeves fastened with laces or points, with a movement of deep tenderness. She threw its satin lengths over her shoulders and a sensation of lassitude closed her eyes momentarily as if influenced by the noxious fumes of an anaesthetic.

The view of her home with its graveled drives and ornately built stables drifted into dim obliterating vapors, shadowy, ill-defined and blurred, and from out the ensuing pallid nothingness, the phantasmagoria of a scene evolved slowly, revealed as by the rising of a curtain.

She stood dazed, looking with affrighted terrified eyes at the scene before her. It was autumn. She knew it by the red of the turning leaves, and the slight coolness of the evening air, and yet but a few moments before there had lain before her, her home, a smart new structure with lawns vividly, verdantly green, reveling in a veritable carnival of hot blistering sunshine. Here, the air was cool and crisp, presaging frost and snow. A river, radiantly, wonderfully blue, swept away into the distant hills. There was a small inn on its shore, with balconies of Gothic iron and hanging creepers. Everywhere about were yew and olive trees, and orchards of olives and almond crept close down to the water's edge, and the little stone quays.

She had taken no step but stood quite quiet where she had found herself. How had she come there? There was but one solution: It was death.

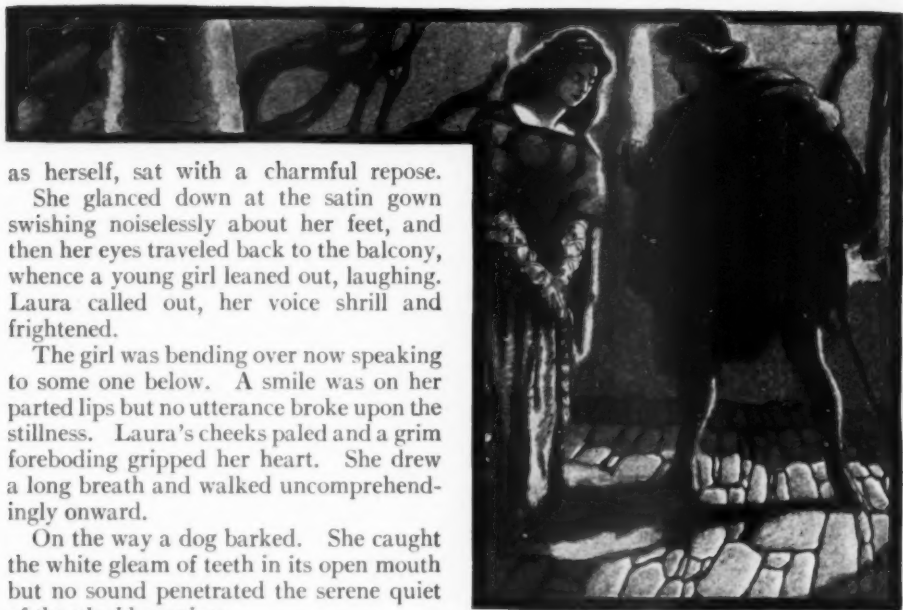
How and why she had met it: she, Laura Darrell, in the full, fine fabric of her four and twenty years—years of buoyant health—would never know. It was death.

She made an effort to conform the scene to the miraculous scriptural tales of earlier reading but found no confirmation in the strange reality before her.

She began to walk slowly, dazedly, and came presently to an old stone house with an heraldic device, adorning a lozenge of its façade. Above the huge granite rings, used for torches and banners, projected a wrought iron balcony, where men and women, dressed in the same fashion



BY CONSTANCE MORRIS



as herself, sat with a charming repose.

She glanced down at the satin gown swishing noiselessly about her feet, and then her eyes traveled back to the balcony, whence a young girl leaned out, laughing. Laura called out, her voice shrill and frightened.

The girl was bending over now speaking to some one below. A smile was on her parted lips but no utterance broke upon the stillness. Laura's cheeks paled and a grim foreboding gripped her heart. She drew a long breath and walked uncomprehendingly onward.

On the way a dog barked. She caught the white gleam of teeth in its open mouth but no sound penetrated the serene quiet of the placid evening.

"I am dead," she said hoarsely. "I am dead."

She stumbled forward to the buttressed masonry that topped a stone bridge, and fell at the foot of the canopied saint which marked its centre.

From the road behind her there came suddenly to Laura's ears the sound of footsteps eager, dominant; the only audible thing in this land of shadows.

She got to her feet and stood expectant, gazing silently at the approaching figure—that of a man in black, slashed with silver, with a jeweled order on his breast. As he came nearer she noted a great distinction in his face arising from the straight nose and strong line of his lower jaw. There was also a self-conscious elegance—a lazy indifference, born of purple and fine linen.

"You were frightened?" he asked, softly. "When I saw you first I thought you also one of the spirits of this drama; but when I heard you speak, then I saw you were alarmed, and I came to you."

Laura's beautiful lids opened wide, and she leaned against the stone balustrade of the bridge trying to bring imagination under control and force herself once again to join hands with reality and common

## Cost what

sense; for the man before her was alive, keenly, beautifully alive. A great peace descended upon her, accompanied by a gentle, penetrating expectancy. She felt as on some hidden summit.

"I—I am not dead?" she asked faintly.

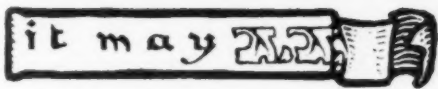
He was silent for a moment and then answered her gravely.

"No, you are not dead." He waved his arm at the noiseless simple picture around them. "This old city has been resurrected for us. It is incomprehensible, but true. Nevertheless, of this wonderful and strange thing I can tell you no more."

Laura's eyes dilated slowly and her lips whitened with fear. Perhaps the Eternal One, for some involuntary transgression, had seen fit to deal with her soul so, and dividing the normal mind from the insane had sent her into the tragic land of Luna. A menacing fear wrapped her heart.

He seemed to read her thoughts, and held out his hand anxiously.

"Give me your hand. It is terribly unreal, is it not?"



She laid her hand tremulously in his. He took it gayly and a smile broke over his fine face, in some degree reassuring her.

"Surely, mademoiselle, you are flesh and blood. Come," he continued with quick decision, "we may learn where we are."

They walked past the saint with her wooden canopy, and down to the little stone quay. Her lips parted in a startled exclamation; she pointed to the white-sailed boats on the blue waters.

"Look!" she said, solemnly, "that boat is landing. There is life, life all about us. Oh! it is hard to believe—" She broke off abruptly.

He looked at her with gentle indulgence.

"As I judge time," he said, "I had been here perhaps an hour before you came. I saw it all, as you saw it, for the first time." His voice became grave. "You see that barge near us? Do you hear the swish of the ropes as the tide moves them? You see that dog drinking? Do you hear the

lapping of the water? Ah! mademoiselle, hold yourself steady."

He drew her back from the road, sharply. From the northwest and over the gray bridge they had just left, came a great gilt coach drawn by light mules at break-neck speed. They were trapped with leather and velvet, and mounted on the two foremost animals were two trumpeters. They saw the hoofs of the mules pound sharply on the pathway, but no tones vibrated from the trampling feet. Running footmen in gala liveries beat the foot passengers aside with their long staves and gesticulated and flung their hands about, but no echo answered their energetic efforts. Laura saw the outrider crack his whip, and that with the trumpeter's horn, which should have clanged merrily, never once broke the tranquil repose of the surrounding quiet.

She turned to him a startled glance.

"I do not understand it," she whispered.

"Nor I," he answered, briefly.

Under the shade of the cypresses, beyond the bridge, the wheat—a red gold—was found in shocks, and near a bench in the shadow of the valley they paused before a rude wooden cross. He pointed to it.

"It is a memorial telling of some sudden death by flood or frost, some peasant's misadventure," he explained.

She looked at it, curiously. "This is strange—wherever we are, we are not in America."

He turned to her questioning eyes:

"No," he answered with surprise, "certainly not in America. These crosses I have seen in Switzerland and Hungary, also in Italy, but in the former they do not have the aloes and olive trees. We are perhaps in Italy. But why did you mention America?"

"Why?" she questioned, looking at him queerly, "it was most natural. I am an American, of course."

"So!" he mused, faintly puzzled,

"mademoiselle speaks perfect French."

"What do you mean?" a growing surprise stirring her face to bewilderment. "I have never been outside of America in my life, nor do I speak one word of French."

They stood facing each other in that profound, desolate stillness. He looked her full in the eyes and said in a steady voice:

"Mademoiselle has been speaking to me only in French. For myself, I do not understand one word of English."

Grim and motionless they stood like statues carved out of stone, intense, apprehension and imagination sensibly on the stretch, staring stupidly in one prolonged disorder of mind and soul. By some extraordinary significance they were conscious that he and she were drawn from far distances and different spheres to respond to a mystical summons, neither speaking the language of the other and yet both understanding.

For the girl, dumb unreasoning fear took possession of her. She dropped on the wooden bench with a soft sob. For the man, he came back to the actualities of prosaic fact and made an effort of outward calm. He sat on the bench beside her.

"We will try to unravel this as best we may, mademoiselle. Do you remember—was it night or day at the place you left?"

"Night? No. I had slipped on the dress you see before you for trial. It was noon—high, blazing noon."

"So much for that. Then you were not sleeping, and we are not spirits of dreams redeemed from the thralldom of the flesh for a short period. What else, mademoiselle?"

"I cannot analyze the exact sensation. For the space of a heart-beat my world seemed suddenly changed. My mind, my thoughts seemed littered with strange odds and ends of feeling—and then this scene."

"Did you feel, as if astray in the mazes of a dream—a dream peculiar to you?"

"No, I have never seen anything like it before, either in dreams or imagination."

"Nor I," he answered. "It was night when I donned this costume that had once been Crillon's. I remember only a long enduring dream among shifting immensities. My home ceased to exist for me; then this."

"Night?" she questioned.

"Night," he answered, quietly.

He looked down at the flame satin of her gown, and then at the silver and black of his short cloak, and a flood of light broke over his face, starting into lines of conviction. "Mademoiselle," he cried, eagerly, "do you not see? The dress—the costume? When we wear it it brings us here."

A thrill of turbulent excitement entered Laura's heart. The menacing fear of the earlier moments had diminished; she was conscious of a soft agitation, a reaching out towards some half-disclosed glory, some new and very exquisite fullness of life. Her eyes were alive, like stars in her face.

"I believe you are right," and there was relief in her tones.

"I am right, I feel sure," he answered swiftly.

A yoke of milk-eyed cream-colored oxen straining their huge heads, slowly swung by.

"You will not see that in your America," he exclaimed.

She shook her head negatively, and smiled tentatively.

"They are so slow," she criticized.

He turned to her and laughed.

"You Americans! Everything is so slow for you. Where in America do you come from?"

She opened her lips to answer, but left the sentence unfinished. She was conscious of a horrible torture as of her whole self held in a vise. The agony was so insufferable that her eyes, her body, seemed to weep in every vein and sinew, in every shuddering nerve; it rummaged through all her flesh, scattering, destroying all her thoughts, separating the smallest iota of memory, until stark confusion reigned, and the rose-hued hills, the foreign village, faded, as one loses in dreams the pleasant countries of sleep.

Then Laura Darrell found herself back in her room staring in dumb bewilderment at the cut-glass and gold clock whose hands still stood at the hour of noon.

Never for one moment did she attempt to find explanation for the evanescent vision that had beset her as an hallucination; the thing was too singularly powerful, too supremely vital.



She walked to her window, gazing at the all-familiar scene of her own garden; the chalked tennis court and the white stables beyond. She looked about her steadily, wishing to restore her self-possession, her clearness of thought. But first of all she removed the primrose gown; its presence became increasingly oppressive from the intensity of feeling it produced in her.

Why had the scene faded so quickly without pause or warning, except the cost of her terrible moment of suffering?

The day was spent in dreamy meditation, reasoning, explaining, recalling the unaccountable, the supernatural.

She remembered once listening with breathless attention to an elucidation of auto-suggestion, where one who had read faithfully, and because of their great attraction for it, certain histories of the past, had constructed a whole imaginary past life with all its details and could dream it all at will. But in her fragmentary reading of the days of early France or Italy there was no part that had held her imagination sufficiently to evoke the real, stable, and habitable world she had just left.

It was all stupendous, inconceivable, a prodigious drawing upon the lucidity of one's brain; how she could meet in her absolutely normal state an unknown man and converse with him in a language she did not understand.

For the rest of that day and evening Laura allowed her social responsibilities to go unheeded. She was an absolutely healthy young woman, with all her fragile loveliness, of a normal temperament, and devoid of flabby sentiments. But after all her flight into regions transcending ordinary circumscription of time and space could not fail to result in tingling of nerves and dancing arteries.

When she slept it was with a forecast of adventure in her heart and a supple figure in silver and black imprinted on her brain.

And the next day, during the routine of her ordinary hours, her riderless fancy took the bit between its teeth and kept Laura's clangorous nerves on a tension. It explored the mysterious caverns of the brain, and penetrated into the transitory realms of illusion; it stirred hidden capabilities and brought intuitions of beautiful unknown things.

But what if it were but a false dream, a vagrant recollection of an excited imagination, a stray figment of an overtired brain? For one minute Laura stood motionless at the thought; then, with breathless haste made her way to her room, and with trembling fingers donned the gown again.

Again the surroundings of her home were drifting into shattered fragments, softly melting and submerging into a dull grayness, the faint mist shrouding yet one more detail from her eager eyes.

Once more she stood in the shade of the trees of the foreign village. The sun was shining, clear, beautiful sunshine, and the things she had not been able to distinguish in the dusk of the evening became clearly defined. Down in the purple valley, close beside the river, stood a magnificent buttress of lofty craggy hills, and from the dark mass rose houses and churches, sharply defined by surrounding ramparts.

She walked rapidly past the inn until she came to the house of heraldic devices, near the gray stone bridge.

She saw him just as she passed the great escutcheon; he seemed to grow out of the shadows, and came toward her quickly. She smiled a soft smile of recognition, and they drifted side by side past the bridge.

"Have you been here long?" she asked softly.

His look answered hers with a passion of eagerness.

"Long! Centuries, mademoiselle." A faint color crept into her cheeks.

"I have reflected much since we separated," he continued. "When you left me so suddenly I found myself at home. I thought it all a dream, full of inexplicable reminiscences, or a telepathic incident not to be renewed, a sudden instance, perhaps, of the supernatural. On what slight foundation these meetings are built, by what unsubstantial agency we are permitted to know each other, I then realized; for the potency of this," he touched the velvet of his suit lightly, "had left it." His voice became grave. "I cannot tell you how patiently I waited. Some instinct warned me I would be allowed the privilege soon. My mind was a chaos of suspense. I was unconscious of everything—my daily life—all. I waited because I knew that from





somewhere tonight you would return. But as the desperate minutes passed, I feared you were frightened and would not come."

She looked at him with tender sympathy.

"I was frightened," she assented, "when I reached my home in—Oh!" Her convulsed face became of a deadly pallor. She trembled from head to foot. Her breath came in long shuddering sighs and she clasped one hand to her heart while the other worked spasmodically at her side.

"What is it, what is the matter?"

He came to her quickly and took her two hands. His own were cool, steady, strong, all enfolding. By degrees the agonized lines of her face spread and dissolved into returning vitality, and the red blood came back, and the terrible fetters that had tightened on her heart loosened.

But she still held his hands with trembling fingers in an effort to be calm.

"I do not know." She turned to him eyes in which lurked a great distress, and a little fear. "I think I suffered because I was going to tell you that which I fear is not allowed."

He gave a startled exclamation and his hands closed more tightly on hers in his excitement.

"I believe you are right," he assented, earnestly. "That was the reason you left me so suddenly before."

They both stood silent,

**I believe you  
are right**



facing each other. Both felt they trod in a cold world of secrets, of enigma. The repose all about them of this spectred scene seemed to be a precedent to an intense and active cruelty.

He dropped his hands with a gesture of despair and they walked on silently, mechanically toward the towering pile that crouched on the summit of the hills.

She pointed to an enormous building standing boldly forward and rising high into the radiant upper regions; a cross and many intersecting turrets shone

out in a brilliant radiance.

"It is the Palace of the Popes," she said, speaking unconsciously.

He turned to her in bewilderment.

"How do you know?" he questioned.

She did not turn to him, but continued looking toward the mediaeval palace.

"I do not know, but it is so," she answered, softly.

He glanced at her, uncertainly. Then both stood and surveyed the magnificent castellated pile with its pinnacles and turrets, its cupolas and square towers. The round stern of a chapel, with a fringe of flying buttresses projected sharply from the water. A large unfurled flag fluttered from the highest spire-top, while a smaller uncurled its colored lengths beneath it.

He looked keenly between half-closed lids at the flags as they rippled in the wind. He gave a



startled exclamation, his eyes shining.

"Mademoiselle, it is a French emblem that is flying there, a flag of early France! Often have I seen it. Shall we go nearer?"

She nodded her head, and they found their way along the winding path.

They passed a company of white hooded men with a conspicuous mark of the cross on their breasts, also bodies of troops helmeted in gorgets of knitted steel, showing upon their arms within a brocade, the badge of their leader. Not one of the party gave to them a glance of the eye. Men-at-arms in worn leather cuirasses, pages in mused velvets, gave them not a turn of the head.

They reached the top of the hill and walked in the huge court yard. On the stairs leading to the corridor they passed men wrapped in long cloaks thrown over one shoulder, and he paused to look at them gravely.

"It puzzles me. This dress is Italian—all, everything I see—yet by the flags we are somewhere in France."

The ponderous corridor led to many intersecting alleys, where stood chamberlains and chancellors, secretaries and esquires, all chattering and laughing in groups, yet a profound stillness reigned.

Nothing was invisible or intangible to the two interested spectators, only every thing was silent even to the wind that unfurled the

## Dreamy Meditation



flag and the voices of the people of a dead and forgotten day. Farther on they made way for a prince of the church. He was preceded by a cross bearer and singing men, while a page in attendance held his tasseled purple hat on a black silk cushion. A ring bearer and cup bearer with silver trumpets and jeweled cups stalked impassively in the rear.

She took a deep breath and gazed long at the retreating figures, then smiled at him, brightly, with a soft raillery.

"Well! it is worth it, is it not, my friend?"

He stared down at her quietly. Some spirits' gift had moulded her face and figure into exquisite proportions. As she appeared to him first, a slender presence gliding toward him out of the past, he thought he had never seen a vision so lovely; later as her hands lay in his, the warm current of life renewed between them, the woman deposed the shade. They were two people as substantial, as mortal, as the figures he had left in the Bois that morning, yet all the defenses were down, all the little make-shifts of the conventionalities.

It had been many years since in his bored life he had felt such a glow of boyish happiness.

They found themselves in a room of magnificent dimensions evidently used as a council chamber, as it was empty. The walls were

divided by pillars of porphyry and red marble, and in each columned panel, raised in bright blazonry against the shadows, were hung great bronze shields running the lengths of the room, and on each shield a wrought heraldic device.

Below the enormous shields lay the coats of arms emblazoned in various colorings, quartered with malachite, cornelian, and jasper; lapis lazuli for the blue and sardonyx for red.

Surmounting each bright escutcheon were arras hangings, banners, and standards brocaded with rich colors and bossed with gold.

They had traversed the room and now stood before a shield, whose lion rampant, crouching on the azure blue of its turquoise square, looked at them triumphantly and grim.

From the tessellated dome hung two lamps of exquisitely wrought silver, burning ceaselessly in the glowing sun.

"It is Byzantine," he said, pointing towards its feeble gleams. As he did so her eyes rested on the stone set in the heavy gold of a ring on his left hand. It was a large ruby, and cut in its flame-like depths was the same exact device as that on the bronze shield before them.

They stared at it in silence.

"That's curious," he remarked quietly, and looked at it intently. "Azure a lion rampant, or, proper. on a chief argent; three fleurs-de-lis, purple, between a chevron ermine. Most certainly it is the arms of our house, and the banner also are the colors of the B—"

"Oh! what have you done, what have you done?" she cried. Her arms stiffened at her side; she tried to resist the force that moved against her will. She saw faintly his cheeks get hollow all at once; his eyes had no visible pupils but were black, all black. He turned eyes to her filled with a despairing regret, the light in them was like the cry of a voice, pregnant with apprehension, and coming out of the heart of things. She caught it, and held it, and warmed it within her heart, for it was the cry of the inner voice, the only voice worth hearing.

For two days after this second meeting all the responsibilities that had come to her

since her mother's death ceased upon the threshold of her door.

The moving figures of her everyday life were all easily forgotten in the wonder that was taking possession of her. She had an over-mastering desire for solitude, feeling she must come to some decision alone and among silences.

She found after her journeys into the land of a forgotten age, that time was as nothing, the hours or moments she spent there were annihilated, had ceased to obtain; for when she returned, the hands of time stood where she left them.

There was no rest for her at night, and by day she walked in a fever of nerves, subtly influenced by awareness of the actuality of his presence somewhere on the same planet with her. In his swift fading he had told her when the travail of his spirit was great, all she would ever wish to know. How was it to end? There seemed to her a choice of two things.

She must discard the satin robe with the Valois tabs and wear it never again, or live in a shadowy firmament beyond her world, meeting in some ghastly border land of dreams, a man whose very name she would never know.

She recalled in a soft reverie the lazy grace of his rather tall figure, the way his hair grew on his forehead before it took the long sweep back, the strength of his warm fingers on her hand. The subtle remembrance of it all brought the red to her cheeks in a pale glow.

Then the yearning and longing to see him once again seized her, grew stronger, dominated her. Whether life meant much for her in the future or little she would deny herself no part in the scheme of things. Some compassionate deity, with an element of humanity, permitted her and the man on the other side of the tragic wall to rejoin in that melancholy reality of a dead, forgotten world.

Breathlessly she took the satin dress from the paneled closet, and before donning it went to the open window. The smell of the earth was sweet; the cleanly wholesome sweetness of late afternoon. She gazed long at the familiar scene; then with an exaltation of feeling, with trembling fingers slipped the dress over her shoulders.

Again the enthrallment of her senses. During that period of waiting, whether in itself brief or prolonged she knew not, sensation and thought were curiously in abeyance. The blurred, indistinct, shifting scene; the vagueness of objects, presaged the supreme moment when in full consciousness, with clear vision, she stood once more in the small village with its balconies of twisted iron-work, and its winding perceptive of white cliffs.

She was seeing it for the third time under a different aspect, for it was night. The moon, immense and golden, had just arisen and the shadows of the farthest battlemented towers of the Palace of the Popes patterned the blue and luminous heavens.

Beyond, the fretted silver of the water was printed upon her vision like delicate lace. In the high grass the fire-flies rose and fell like a thin fountain of gold. She was wonderfully calm, but an intense sadness seized her heart. The silvery luminous world was silent. She walked to the house with the big escutcheon on its façade, and as before she saw him coming from over the stone bridge. Their eyes met; then their lips, and stayed so, softly together like the petals of a rose against its fellow. He drew her hands in both his own and held them tightly against his breast, and so they stood, silent and tense. Words were useless between them. They were in regions supernal and mysterious, remote in extraordinary conditions; they parted with all the subterfuges and concealments of their worldly world and went naked heart to heart and spoke to each the uttermost truth.

Finally he whispered, "I returned when I could and here I have been waiting, waiting. I had no count of time. Was not all well with you?"

She loosened her hands and made a gesture that signified hopelessness and almost despair, and buried her face in them.

"What use?" she whispered so low he bent his head to hear her.

He reached down and took her head and turned it toward the moonlight, from out the shadows. He spoke sharply.

"Do you mean to tell me that we, who have participated in this unintelligible, illusory dream—vision as it may be, but

real and human to us both—are never to be suffered to meet in the world of substance, never to know each other, to—God! it is incredible." He broke off with a smothered groan and dropped his hands from off her shoulders.

She shivered slightly and her eyes shrouded in a soft mournfulness.

"Is it not better to leave it so, my friend? What can this ever hold out to us? We two alone are alive and substantial in all this strange world of shadows. It is all beautiful before us, is it not? But there is something implacable, inexorable. It frightens me, chills my blood. The suffering I once endured I could not undergo again. We are linked with the Eternal and the Infinite, and while we exist I do not think it will be vouchsafed us to meet."

"Do not say that," he interrupted. "All will be well with us yet, for this much I have discovered. The place we are in is Avignon and the river before us is the Rhone. You remember I could not comprehend a French flag on a Palace of Popes, also all around us was Italian. You see it belonged to Rome and was used as the Papal residence until 1309 when we annexed it. At what year we see it now I do not know, probably not much later, for I have seen many Italians."

He pointed to the terraces and hills in the distance, many of the former were laid out as vineyards, the vines trellised on the top of stone columns and between the vines all along the masonry were strung narrow ropes of maize, like garlands of gold.

"Its main trade was grain and maize and madder. It is here James Berthon de Crillon is buried; he, whose suit I wear. He was a cadet of our house, the brave Crillon. As for me, I am the only one and last of our race."

She gave a little cry and put her hands across his lips. He kissed them and murmured:

"You are right; we must be careful since it is not to be." He held her off at arms length.

"You—my beautiful—your gown belonged once to an unmarried woman, since only they wore the uncovered breast. It is so with you? Answer me, is it not?"



A heart-breaking pathos lurked in the depths of her eyes.

"You've kissed my lips and ask me that?" She closed her eyes, and between the blue-veined lids two tears rolled down unchecked.

He sprang forward and caught her to him close.

"For God's sake, do not cry. I only wanted to be reassured. Oh, my love, don't you understand? After this there is nothing but death that can keep us apart. Is it not something to know where we are? There must be some road out of this labyrinth."

She shook her head sadly and lay back in the curve of his arm, drinking in the delicate reflections on the facets of his ring. She read the motto below the crest; deciphering the small engraving with difficulty, she made out the words, at last: *Coûte que coûte*.

"You are not listening, *ma mie*." She withdrew her attention from the ruby. "If we are not allowed," he continued, "to speak of that which is nearest our heart, then we shall devise a way. Mortal man cannot forever feed on dreams."

Her heart beginning to apprehend dimly the martyrdom of this future meeting went forth to welcome any idea.

"Tell me your plan," she said.

His hand rested on her sleeve. "If you will write it here, in silk—how would you say, embroider it, is it not? Two words, no more. Your last name and where you live. Village or town or city, it will be sufficient for me. Why I could find you in the nethermost corner of the globe." He gave a laugh of mingled tenderness and triumph.

She called softly under her breath. "And if that will not serve?"

He put out his

hand with the crested ring: "*Cost what it may*"—that is the motto of our house. We can but try, my beautiful. *Coûte que coûte*, we can but try."

Dreamily and pensively they two walked

in that same new, but never old, very exquisite fullness of life. Of what he said, what she said, the girl or the man had no recollection. The fiction of time ceased to rule for them. It was a deathless fact to them both, that they were together back in the year 1309 in the bodily presence.

"Give me your hand." She gave it, fragile but firm and responsive. "How warm it is, with veins the colors of sapphires! Come let us see Avignon as it was then."

The moon shone over the sleeping city and broke in silver arrows on the noiseless river at their feet. Every pinnacle and turret glanced and glowed as if paved with emerald or bossed with jasper in the translucent brightness, like jewelry scattered on a mirror.

"Let us go first to the house with the granite torch rings and iron balconies." Her eyes glowed once more with happiness. "That is Giovanni Boccaccio's house. I have learned much since I left you. By the grace of God we shall soon see all that lies before us. How changed, we are yet to discover. Ah *ma mie*! We are to see it. Do you comprehend what that means? We shall also see where Crillon is buried. Brave Crillon; 'What Crillon wills, Crillon does!' Egotistical Crillon."

She laughed an enchanting laugh. They were nearing the saint with her carved wood canopy. A settled sorrow dwelt on the divine young features of the Wondrous Mary.

"Look toward the hills," he continued. "Follow the river as



**S**tark confusion reigned





far as your eye can reach. That is Vacluse, where Petrarch lives. Francesco Petrarch of Orezza. Wonder of wonders to see it all as it is now!" He gave an exclamation of surprise, then stopped suddenly in the eager anticipation of his discovery. "I had forgotten also Laura, of course, Laura!"

The thing had been so swift, so sudden, that the merciless claims of habit sustained the tenacity of memory, and she sprang to him with a cry of triumph. "You have learned it, after all—the name—my name." Then she screamed in sudden panic as the words left her lips.

"What have I done?" she whispered through white lips already set in the rigidity of some invincible power. "Oh, my God! you are leaving me!"

Through a sea of submerging mist she heard his voice. "My poor love, my poor Laura."

She tried to answer, but her lips were numb. The buzzing in her ears ascended to a crescendo of all the most awful sounds of the universe, as if the noise of all the secrets of the world rose now to its highest and most piercing expression. The iron fingers closed closer around her heart, congealing her blood, paralyzing it. The intensity of the pain was more than she could bear. Unconsciousness overtook her, and then black darkness.

She found herself in the same attitude as before, staring out on the fading sunset through the open window. The hands of the clock marked the same hour, the same minute as when she had donned the gown.

Too late had the explanation flashed upon her, the meaning of his calling her. Only when the dear

vision faded she knew with acute distress it was Petrarch's Laura he called. Far into the night she lay with violent and confused thoughts, struggling to apprehend some measure of happiness out of all this chaos.

She was sensible of being in collision with unknown and incalculable forces; but since in all things mortal there is that small voice of hope, Laura dwelt on the thought that after the brooding on the sleeve of the two names they both would out-distance the inexorable law that allowed them an intercourse only within certain bounds.

And because night is a mighty magician with power to render a courtship such as

this, real and actual, the vast uncertainty surrounding the success of their plans took on less terrible proportions, and Laura slept.

She had been sleeping many hours when her confused and drowsy senses were awakened by a loud knocking and her father's voice came dully to her ears.

"The house is on fire, Laura! Get ready at once."

She jumped from her bed hurriedly. No light responded when she turned the electric light key. The room was in inky blackness, and the fumes of the smoke parched her throat and stung her eyes. She made her way to the closet and groped blindly for the texture of the gown.

"Thank God!"

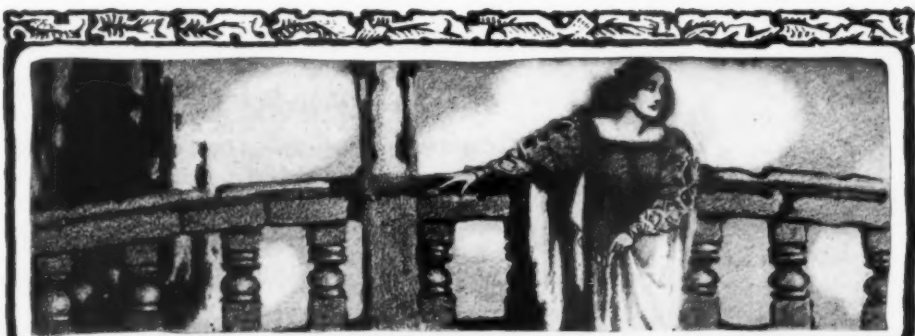
She bundled it in her arms and stumbled into the corridor, and presently found herself out under the shadow of the sky.

For one moment she looked at the robe in her arms, her eyes straining at it in the semi-darkness; then with a spasm of pain dropped on the soft grass, for the dress instead of being the



**This is strange**





## The sound of footsteps



rose-hued satin with the Valois tabs was blue—blue as the turquoise heavens.

The flames leapt and danced with elfish glee, mincing and capering with fantastic grace, while their long ribboned fingers mocked and gesticulated in pantomimic menace at the burial of her hopes.

For three months Laura lay in unconscious delirium and Avignon, Vaucluse—Petrarch came and went among the words like a *motif* in a piece of music. One morning she awoke exhausted and prostrate from that world where illness deprives the brain of its control.

She was ordered change of scene, and her father suggested a trip abroad. She laughed with a great thrill of joy in her laugh—the first since her illness—and from then on her improvement was rapid.

There was a tender solace in the thought that the name of their shadowy world was known to him; and she knew that were he living, she would see him, there, in the Palace of the Popes, in the room with the bronze shields. Go there she knew he would, just as she knew every pulse of her body, every dancing artery, was bringing her nearer to Avignon and to him.

The beginning of spring found her in Paris with her maid. She had been racked to the limits of endurance by those long days

of travel, and now she needed rest and twenty-four more hours must elapse, before approaching the land of her supernatural visits. Paris lay sparkling like a cut jewel in the sun. She called to Elise, and with hesitating steps left her hotel in the Place Vendome to breathe the soft outer air.

The breath of the day was exquisite, like the breath of violets in a dark cellar.

Laura and her maid walked on in a maze of vans, wagons, roses, swearing gendarmes, running boys in blouses, palms, violets, pinks, and vender's carts.

The accumulated activities stunned her ears, and she retraced her steps with lagging limbs and turned into the Rue St. Honoré. A magnificent line of horses, their harness mountings glittering, bore down upon her. She tried to reach one of the granite refuges on the opposite side before the Church of St. Roche, but was too confused and benumbed by the noise and

shouts, and would have fallen had not a strong arm dragged her to safety and a voice in English, well-bred and courteous said:

"That was a narrow escape, *mademoiselle*."

She stopped to gain her breath and thanked the man at her side. She closed her eyes in fatigue and her protector put out his arm to steady her. When she





## Of a man in black

opened them again they rested on a funeral cortège coming from the Rue de Rivoli. The hearse, ornamented with great ostrich plumes, was drawn by six horses. Over the horses' backs were thrown somber blankets, edged with brilliant corners emblazoned with armorial bearings. On the black folds that draped the hearse in sable lengths was a lion rampant with a gold device bossed on the gleaming sides. House servants, butlers in white silk stockings, valets, coachman, footman, stable lads, buglers, walked with bowed heads behind the hearse.

"This is a sight one rarely sees even in Paris," said the voice of the Englishman beside her.

Now came the hunters, guards, and beaters of preserves; and walking sedately with dignified mien their royal heads bowing haughtily, the favorite race horses followed, led by their jockeys, who wore across their arms stripes of purple and blue, the colors of the racing stable. And the hammer clothes thrown over their backs, also showed the crest of gold.

Laura stood erect. Her gaze was fixed curiously on the brilliant pageant before her.

Following the horses, borne by the master of the hounds, was a banner, the colors and escutcheon of him whose

pomp and glory they signified. On its azure field blazed a lion, its gold the only undimmed thing on the ancient standard, surmounted by three purple fleurs-de-lis, between them an ermine chevron; and below ran the motto *Coûte que coûte*.

Laura felt the blood leave the region of her heart, her limbs trembled beneath her, and a sob arose in her throat. All the brilliant figures of the funeral cortège left her. She stood alone with him in Avignon by the Rhone, and heard his words: "I am the last and only one of my race." A vast certainty surrounded her, and pressed her. While the heart summed up, intelligence discoursed—"You have no evidence," it cried. The faculty which reasons, demands explanations and proofs, was not satisfied, but the higher faculty which divines, accepts, believes—assuredly was.

She made a final effort to concentrate all her will upon her words, and through her pallid lips she articulated:

"Will monsieur kindly tell me whose funeral I witness?"

"That is the funeral, mademoiselle, of the young Duc de Bethune. He was but 31 years of age, and died three days ago at Avignon where he had gone, it is presumed, to hunt."

The lion blazed on in all the breadth of his golden strength; she again read the legend: "Cost what it may."



# Perkins

BY TOM MASSON

"Take the five o'clock train," said Mr. Stoneton to Castleton, "and I'll follow later. There's a big deal on and I may be detained for a couple of hours."

Castleton arrived at the station, however, in time to catch the 4:30 train, and on he went.

He had known millionaire Stoneton for years, and when the old gentleman asked him out to his country place over Sunday, Castleton accepted with alacrity. The presence of Miss Maud Stoneton, who presided over her father's establishment, added perhaps to Castleton's zest. He had always had a keen desire to meet that beautiful young woman.

When the train rolled up to the station, and Castleton realized that he was earlier than expected, he decided not to wait for the carriage, but to roam over the hills in the direction of Villahurst, the Stoneton place.

Making a long detour, he found himself at last in the rear of the Stoneton mansion. "I'll go in through the rear entrance," he said to himself, and he jumped over the fence, walked toward the house, and approached the servants' quarters, kitchen, and out-buildings.

"Is this the place?" thought he. "It must be. I'll inquire and make sure."

A maid was opening the door.

"Is this Mr. Stoneton's?" asked Castleton, instinctively touching his hat. He wondered, afterward, if he ought to have done so. But that was a question of etiquette he had never been able to determine.

"Wait a moment," said the maid. "Miss Stoneton is here now."

A tall, handsome girl stood before him.

"Oh, you are the new second-man. I have been waiting for you."

Castleton smiled inwardly: after all, it was not possible to tell a gentleman when you saw one. Perhaps he should feel flattered, as he had seen several butlers whose looks he had envied. He instantly determined to see the thing through, but only

for an hour or so, until Mr. Stoneton came.

"Yes, miss."

"Come in at once. Your trunk?"

"Will come later, miss. It was to be sent by express."

"Very well. Arthur, the boy, will show you your quarters, and he will give you some clothes," she looked him over critically, "that will fit. We are short-handed, so hurry."

"Thank you, miss."

Castleton rigged himself out in the togs the boy gave him, and in fifteen minutes reported in the dining-room, where he had been directed. Miss Stoneton came in at once.

"Your name is—"

Castleton wondered what his name was.

"William, miss."

"William what?"

"Perkins, miss."

"That's strange! The agency was to send—" she glanced at a letter, "Patrick Murphy."

"True, miss, but the lady told me to say to you that Patrick did not report, and she sent me in his place."

"Very well. There will be nine for dinner. The kitchen-maid will show you the china and silver, and you may set the table. I will return shortly, and see that things are right. We have dinner at seven. You can wait on the table I suppose in an emergency?"

Castleton wondered what in the world the precise duties of a second-man were. Evidently they were not waiting on table. Poor girl! In the face of guests for dinner she was in a dilemma.

"I did not understand, miss, that I was to wait on table."

"You were not; but you must, in the absence of a waitress. You have had some experience, have n't you?"

"Oh, certainly, miss. I will do my best."

She left him, and for some time Castleton toiled on, absorbed in his occupation, and determined that, so far as possible, he



would have everything right. When the table was set, he made his way in search of his mistress, into the front part of the house, where some of the guests had already assembled.

At this moment the bell rang.

Castleton opened the door, and was confronted by a young man with a telegram.

"Miss Stoneton."

He signed, and placing it on a tray, sought Miss Stoneton. She was in the library with an elderly aunt.

"A message for you, miss."

Miss Stoneton tore open the envelope; a look of keen disappointment spread over her face.

"Oh, auntie, papa is n't coming. Is n't it too bad? Detained by that horrid deal. And he has sent that strange man. He ought to be here now." She turned to Castleton. "You may go, Perkins."

Castleton withdrew from the room, and, for the first time in his life, he realized the heavy temptation that servant's have, at times, to listen. Walking down the hall, he tiptoed back until he stood just outside the library door again.

"Well, it's really too bad, my dear," said Miss Stoneton's aunt, "but Henry has such important interests. He would n't have sent this Mr.—What's his name?"

"Castleton."

"Castleton, if he had n't been all right."

"Of course he's all right, auntie. He's too much all right. That's why I wanted papa here."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this. Papa's old-fashioned, you know, and does n't like most of the men who come here. He declares they're a silly lot with plenty of money and no brains. Now he's picked up this fellow, Castleton—met him in some business deal—and has taken a fancy to him. He says Castleton is the right sort—hard-working, capable, and so on, and bound to make his way. Papa wants to help him, so he is bringing him down here just to give me an opportunity of meeting a man of his kind. I know I shall hate him."

"Nonsense, my dear! We can manage him when he comes. He may not care to stay here, however, when he finds Henry is n't here. How is the second-man?"

"Not the one they intended to send, but

he seems willing. That reminds me. I must—"

Castleton beat a retreat, and made his way rapidly back into the dining-room, where he fluttered round the table with the air of a professional.

Miss Stoneton was close at his heels.

"Well, Perkins?"

"Everything is ready, miss."

Miss Stoneton glanced at the table.

"Perkins," she said. "Where have you been living?"

The name of his bachelor apartments was on Castleton's lips, but he caught himself in time.

"With Lord Callington, miss." He remembered the name of a nobleman who had been prominent in Newport the year before.

Miss Stoneton smiled.

"Well, Perkins," she said, "I don't know whether to be sorry for his lordship, or for you. Do it all over again, please."

She stood in the door and gave instructions, and Castleton obeyed. He was getting nervous. With the news that Mr. Stoneton was not coming, Castleton's hope of revealing his identity was gone. There was nothing to do but grin and bear it.

How the long evening passed he never knew. He was dimly conscious that he had lighted the gas and the candelabras; that the guests came in; that there was a confused jumble of conversation and laughter; that he stumbled once and almost upset a tray; another time he spilled some soup on the snowy bosom of a pale young man, who looked at him murderously.

Then came a period of great relief, when he and the kitchen-maid washed the huge array of dishes. Another period of rest, waiting for the guests to go up stairs, and finally, at midnight, the house settled down into its nocturnal silence.

Castleton's room was in the extension—in the rear of the house. When he reached it, he was so tired that he threw himself on the bed just as he was, and in an instant was sound asleep. He was awakened by a sense of suffocation—a confused murmur. As he opened his eyes, he thought he was back in his own quarters in town, and started to the window to look out on the avenue.



Then the recollection of where he was suddenly came to him. The room was full of smoke; he rushed out through the door and down the stairs. The house was in flames. Several of the guests, clad only in their night-robcs, were rushing out of the front door as he came around. He swung open the heavy doors, and saw that the entire hall was a mass of fire. The house was frame, and burned like tinder.

On the lawn was an excited group, and the pale young man whom Castleton had spilled soup on at dinner, was dancing frantically up and down.

"We're all out but Miss Stoneton!" he cried.

"Where is her room?" shouted Castleton.

At this moment a figure appeared at an upper window, and Castleton recognized it at once.

He looked around him hopelessly for something—he did not know what. Suddenly his eye lighted on a low picket fence, skirting the lawn in the rear. It was old and shaky.

"Here, you fellow!" he called. "Help me pull down that fence! If you'll hold it up I may be able to use it for a ladder."

Obedying the voice of leadership, three men sprang forward, and bending down the fence, tore it, by superhuman efforts, from its resting-place.

"Now," said Castleton, "put it up along side that window, and hold it!"

He was up the impromptu ladder in an instant. In another, he was inside. He found her, by groping. She was lying on the floor unconscious, and the fire seemed all around them.

Gathering her in his arms, he made his way slowly back to where he had come from. He seemed to make a supreme effort—then there was a crash—darkness—and silence.

One week later, Castleton, with a slight plaster over his left temple, but none the worse otherwise, sat in the private office of

Henry Stoneton. As the old man came forward he grasped Castleton by the hand.

"Well, young fellow," he said genially. "I'm glad to see you! I did n't know but you had disappeared off the face of the earth. But, first, let me ask you why you did n't keep your appointment at my house last week. You might have had a lively time if you had."

Castleton smiled. "I did keep the appointment, and," he added sententiously, "I had a lively time, too."

"You did keep the appointment?"

"Yes, sir. I was Perkins."

The millionaire rose suddenly, and put his hands on Castleton's shoulders.

"What!" he exclaimed, "Perkins! The chap who saved Eleanor's life, and then disappeared the next day? Perkins—whose name has been in all the papers for the past week. 'The Mysterious Hero of a Midnight Conflagration!' Well, well, bless me, my boy, this is news!"

The door of the office suddenly opened, and a figure stood on the threshold; the same face that had haunted Castleton's dreams for the last six nights. Fortunately, she had sustained no serious injury, and was as beautiful and sweet as ever.

"Papa, may I come in?"

"Yes, yes, dear. Come in."

Castleton turned as she entered. She gazed at him an instant in sudden amazement. "Why, Perkins," she cried, "you here? Oh, I'm so glad you've been found!"

"My dear," interrupted Mr. Stoneton, "this isn't Perkins."

She gazed wonderingly from one to the other.

"Then," said she, a glance of the truth dawning upon her, "if it is n't Perkins, who is it?"

Her dear old father smiled. With that utter lack of conventionality which characterizes some old-fashioned people, he exclaimed:

"It's Mr. Castleton, my dear: the man I want you to know."

# The Last Cavalry Charge

BY HENRY LOUIS MENCKEN

Oh, let me like a soldier fall  
Upon some open plain.

—*Maritana.*

After many years the gods that watch over cabbages and kings answered the War Lord's prayers by sending him a real war. It came unexpectedly, and, rather unfortunately for the War Lord's dreams of glory: it was with one of the nasty little powers without friends, and a larger and more spectacular conflict, between two other nations, was raging in another hemisphere at the time. But despite these drawbacks, it was a real war, lawfully and regularly declared and begun, and so the War Lord was grateful and resolved to go to the front, to see what manner of entertainment it might furnish. Also he had ideas—a good many of them—regarding the supply of ammunition in the field, the uselessness of cavalry, the efficacy of broad-pointed bayonets and other things, and there might arise opportunities to test them in practice. When these opportunities came the War Lord wanted to be on hand.

The big war on the other side of the globe was being fought by engineer officers in overalls and a peculiarly tough breed of Mexican mules. There was little prancing of horses or waving of plumes in either army. The infantrymen lay in damp trenches as long as they could, and called down curses upon the Chicago meat packers, who sold to both sides, with profitable impartiality, the preserved sinews of the ox, the sheep, and the swine. Only when the last parallel got so near the enemy's breast works that the distance between might be covered in a hop, a skip, and a jump; only when the work of the engineers was so far accomplished did the gallant patriots in the trenches fare forth to shed their blood.

The War Lord, noting these things, resolved to make his own little war a model of all that modern warfare should be. So he dismounted his few remaining regiments of cavalry of the line, made a brigadier general of engineers commander of his right wing—to the violent scandal of the

service—and brought an air-ship expert and ten air-ships from St. Louis, Mo., at a cost of many thousands of dollars. With him, when he set off for the front, journeyed thirty-five gilded *attachés*, a personal staff of twenty-two sabres, sixteen apprentice war correspondents, too tender to send to the real war across the world, and the First Royal and Imperial Regiment of King's Hussars, the melancholy remnant of the once-proud corps of mounted Life Guards.

The troopers of the Imperial, Etc. Regiment still rode horses and wore gauntlets, as they had at Minden and at Waterloo. But this was merely a sop to tradition and romance, and no one expected them to do more than group themselves artistically behind his majesty and carry messages where there were no field telephones or signalmen. Twenty years before, an obscure military critic in Belgium had sounded the knell of cavalry in a remarkable essay that brought him the red and green ribbon of the Order of the Crusaders from the War Lord, who was then serving his first year as king. Now, opinion was fairly unanimous. Cavalry could not charge machine guns.

And so the war was begun and many battles were fought, all according to the most scientific principles, and finally there came a day when the consolidated forces of the nasty little Power were forced into a group of low hills and challenged to acknowledge defeat or prepare for annihilation. It had been a pretty conflict, from the start, and a good many theories had been disproved and proved. The medical staff, for instance, had demonstrated, beyond a doubt, that the foot-soldier needed ten per cent more protein a day than the world's experts had believed was necessary, and the air-ship man from St. Louis, before he was killed, had dropped a thousand pounds of a new Japanese explosive into the enemy's chief fortress and badly scared the soldiers in the bomb-proofs. Also, there had been obtained new data regarding the course of nickel-

tipped bullets through sound tissue, and some interesting information as to the value of automobile wagon trains. All in all, it had been a mighty profitable and instructive war and the War Lord rather regretted that it was so near its end.

It was eight miles, as the crow flies, along the enemy's front and the general in command, who was the engineer brigadier aforesaid, promoted and seasoned, decided that, for many reasons, it would be unwise to attempt a general flanking movement.

dozen of such pipes, and whenever official etiquette did not demand that he wrestle with a cigar, he smoked one of them. Just at present he was violating the laws of etiquette most outrageously by smoking at all, for it is not decent to puff acrid vapors into the face of a king, but the War Lord said nothing. In his majesty's private code of fundamental principles, it was set down that a general in command of an army, as the Creator's most striking masterpiece, could do no wrong. He himself was the



DRAWN BY E. BERT SMITH

The grimy forefinger moved a bit.

"As I look at it," he said to the War Lord, in the privacy of his map and wire littered tent, "the easiest way to get through their front and turn them inside out is to advance all along the line and feel out the weakest place. Then, when we find it, we can make a rush and follow it up by sweeping into them from both flanks and carrying them off their feet."

The general-in-command was suffering from a bad attack of sciatica and sat in a steamer chair, with his left leg propped upon a campstool. The fruit of a youthful visit to the United States, to study bridge-building, was a brownish, gummy corn-cob pipe. Each spring he imported a

general in command of the general-in-command. Sometimes this particular general-in-command seemed to forget the consideration due royalty, and now and then his financier-like directness of manner and low emotional development rather irritated the War Lord. But in the main he remembered that the state archives and newspapers dispatches would say that his sovereign "commanded in person" and so it usually pleased him to be polite and affable. This flattered the War Lord and distracted his attention from his theories. It was something to be favored with the confidence of such a redoubtable soldier.

"Where do you expect to break

through?" asked the War Lord, making a show of studying a map on the general's field table.

The general leaned over painfully and placed a dirty forefinger upon a wavy line denoting a stream descending through the hills.

"There," he said. "Miller-Bernhardt is below here," and the grimy forefinger moved a bit, "with Czermy's brigade and two regiments of Neuhaus', and the Seventeenth battery of field guns. He'll work his way up during the night and at dawn or thereabout—"

A telephone signal buzzed insistently.

"There's Miller-Bernhardt now," said the general-in-command to the War Lord. And he directed himself to explaining the minor details to the division commander, who talked to him from the kitchen of a farm-house, six miles away. "Try to get into the mouth of the valley," he explained into the telephone's transmitter, "before they start down . . . and then, when you push in their screen, run for it and speed out. . . . The main thing is to keep them busy. . . . I would n't waste more than a regiment on those machine guns. . . . Try to reach them with your seven pounders. . . . No; don't risk a rush . . . yes, of course. . . . You'll have to pass them to westward. . . . And let me know as you get under way."

So saying, the general-in-command sank back upon his chair and groaned dismally, for sciatica is not a pleasant malady and he had many concerns upon his mind.

That evening the War Lord dined with him in private, upon canned Smithfield ham from Chicago, vegetables of the countryside, and preserved peaches from California; and after dinner he spent a few hours smoking his corn-cob pipe and reading the papers from home, which printed long attacks upon the cruelties of the censorship and bitter Leftist criticisms of the army, the war party, the War Lord, and himself.

At two o'clock, just as a faint booming from the westward confirmed the telephone's news that the battle was begun, the general had his orderly pull off his boots and stretched out for his night's repose. Nothing of much importance was likely to happen until daylight and if there was need

for him the alert lieutenant at the switchboard would awaken him. Two staff colonels in the tent next door played keno gloomily by lamplight. A major-general and a dozen or more captains and majors directed the transmission of ammunition from a row of desk telephones in a hayshed across the road. Now and then a snorting automobile puffed along the moonlit country highway bearing medical supplies or signalmen.

Just as the first breath of dawn-wind from the South spread balm upon the chill of the night—for it was late in August—the War Lord and his personal staff arose sleepily and moved off, with clatter of hoofs and rattle of side-arms, toward the west, where Miller-Bernhardt and his men were preparing for their dash into the enemy's center. It was here, the general-in-command had decided, that it would be most feasible to attempt the turning inside out, and the War Lord wanted to be where there was the greatest strategy and maneuvering and slaughter.

As the little cavalcade cantered on, the birds sang in the trees as merrily as if war had died with Hannibal and the boom of field pieces ahead seemed faint and far-away. At a little wayside village the War Lord stopped a frightened rustic in charge of a milch cow and gave him a gold piece for an earthen pot of foaming milk. It would make a pretty incident for the newspapers and the histories. Further on he reined his horses at the base of a hill to watch the Third Army Corps medical staff arrange a field hospital in a grove. The surgeon-colonel in charge of it had his eye upon the grand cross of the Order of St. Lazarus and greeted the War Lord effusively.

"May I offer your majesty a stirrup cup of champagne?" he asked, in his best levee manner, as the War Lord remounted.

"No," replied the War Lord, firmly—he was a soldier, this king—"but—ah—if you have such a thing as—a bottle of beer—"

And so the officers of the staff drank a bottle of cold beer each and stoically resigned themselves to the loss of the champagne. It was another anecdote for the paragraphers and the pulpites.

Just as the gorgeous staff got under



way again, there was a flash of red and a glimmer of steel over the crest of the hill behind, and the First Royal and Imperial Regiment of King's Hussars, 645 strong, came into view. Lieut.-Col. Oscar Ivanovitch aus dem Hohe, its commander, rode twenty paces in advance of the first troop—a slight, concave-backed, sandy-haired young man, with the blood of half the grand ducal families of five nations in his veins. Three hundred years before, another colonel, of his race and name, had led the First Hussars in a charge that changed the map of Europe. Since then son had succeeded father, and grandson, son, and the aus dem Hohe arms gleamed red and gold in the lower left-hand corner of the regiment's colors. Colonel aus dem Hohe the Twelfth was a young man and proud—for had n't his ancestors refused three minor kingdoms?—and it sickened him, as a man is sickened by a noxious draught, to tag along in the wake of the gilded and useless barons and princes of the imperial staff—younger sons, ball-room warriors, five-bottle men, and lady killers, all of them. Thrice almost on his knees, he had petitioned the smoke-enshrouded general-in-command for an assignment worthy the regiment's history and his own stanbaum. But each time he had been ordered off to hold unimportant railroad crossings or to scout like an *opera bouffe* field marshal in the army's rear, and each time he had left the presence disconsolate; now he was commanded to follow the imperial staff and to report himself to Gen. Miller-Bernhardt, for "scout duty" and "to keep open the lines of communication."

The War Lord, seeing the regiment come over the crest of the hill, halted to admire it and permit it to overtake him. When the gloomy young colonel came up he wheeled into line beside him and saluted pleasantly, as any king would salute a fellow man whose forbears had cast the deciding vote at a change of dynasty.

It grew warmer as the sun mounted higher and by the time the War Lord and the First Hussars reached Gen. Miller-Bernhardt's headquarters the advance ordered by the general-in-command was well under way. Gen. Miller-Bernhardt had seen fit to modify his orders somewhat and the result was a rather nasty situation.

Instead of a brigade, he had sent forward a single regiment to begin the advance up the valley between the hills. This regiment had got by the machine guns on the right-hand hill and the artillery on the other in safety, but after that it had suddenly vanished from sight behind a spur in the valley. Now, communication with it was lost and there was no telling whether it was consuming the enemy's center or was being itself consumed.

Gen. Miller-Bernhardt, perspiring in his tent, seemed much excited when the War Lord entered, and if the truth must be told, the general-in-command, at the other end of the six miles of telephone wire, was also excited. He demanded to know why the lost regiment had been sent forward without proper supports, as provided in the regulations, and why, at the indecent hour of 8:30 o'clock, the enemy's front still stretched along its thunderous eight miles without a breach. Gen. Miller-Bernhardt could n't explain these things satisfactorily and the general-in-command belabored him with heavy sarcasm.

"Neuhaus is with it," protested Miller-Bernhardt. "It's von Braun's regiment—the 68th. I'm sure it's all right—"

"But where is it?" demanded the general-in-command. "Did n't you send any signalmen with it?"

"I can hear the firing from—"

"But who's doing the firing?" yelled the commander-in-chief into the telephone. "Does Neuhaus think he's got a whole army corps? Has n't he got any line of communications at all?"

"I expect—"

"Expect—Go after him and obey your orders. I want both of those hills by noon."

The hills mentioned by the general-in-command were those to either side of the narrow valley up which Neuhaus and the 68th had marched. Neuhaus advanced in the face of a heavy cross fire and by a most remarkable series of dashes had got by the enemy's guns and blundered on up the valley. Maybe he thought that adequate supports were following him. Maybe he did n't care. Miller-Bernhardt had expected that the heavy guns on the left-hand hill would halt him and had planned advances up both hills by other regiments.





DRAWN BY E. BERT SMITH

The cataract of lead seemed to leave it unscathed.

But Neuhaus has swept on in his amiable fashion and now Miller-Bernhardt faced the necessity of making the attacks on the two hills suddenly and desperately to rescue him.

Thus it happened that he wrestled with more trouble than even a division commander could tackle with equanimity. Just as he was bawling fresh orders into the ears of the staff officers who stood by telephones and waiting horses, the War Lord rode up, with his staff and Col. aus dem Hohe. Miller-Bernhardt heartily wished them all in perdition.

"You look excited," observed the War Lord pleasantly, as he parted the tent doors and stepped in. Tell a debutante that her hair is out of curl, or even an archbishop that his sermons are silly or an actor that he rants, but never, O gentle reader!—if fate ever drags you from your comfortable fireside and puts you down in an armed camp—never, if you value your life, tell a general of division that he seems excited.

"No, your majesty," replied Miller-Bernhardt heavily, "I beg leave to correct you. I am not excited: I am busy!" And the War Lord retired to a knoll whereon stood Col. aus dem Hohe and the officers of the staff. It was not an anecdote for the histories.

Czermy had two miles to march under plunging, long-range fire, before he could get within the shelter of the glacial boulders that sprawled in the mouth of the valley. Miller-Bernhardt roared orders into the telephone and danced with impatience as he watched the slow progress of the column of men in the plain that stretched map-like below.

Suddenly there arose a fresh spluttering up the valley and the lost regiment came into view. It was three and a half miles straightway from Miller-Bernhardt's tent door but the plain was low and he could see up the valley as one can see across a square and up a cross street. There he observed the clouds of smoke that marked Neuhaus' position. Evidently the regiment was having a hard time of it, and had failed utterly in its attempt to break the enemy's center single-handed. On the hill to the right hostile machine guns spouted flame. Behind Miller-Bernhardt the 17th battery of field artillery roared at them

with its seven-pounders, but the men who had emplaced them knew their business and the hail of shells did not stop their cackling.

In a few moments there was in progress as pretty a battle as ever unrolled itself before the eyes of a War Lord. Neuhaus' advance guard—once his rear—had fought its way back to the mouth of the valley and all that remained of it—through the glasses it seemed to be less than a hundred men—tried a swift movement around the base of the hill opposite that upon which roared the machine guns. Boulders favored it and the cataract of lead seemed to leave it unscathed. Behind it was faintly discernible the smoke of Neuhaus' main guard, fighting its way along the bases of both hills. Far to the left, on the plain below, Czermy's men were advancing to meet and support the heroic advance. And over all shrieked the shells from the 17th battery to the rear, and now and then, a shell or two from the enemy's battery of heavy artillery on the hill opposite that crowned by the machine guns. But all but one of these heavy pieces seemed to be out of action. The 17th had put its mark upon them before Neuhaus began his luckless advance.

Col. aus dem Hohe stood by the War Lord a dozen yards from Miller-Bernhardt's tent door and watched the fight. Perspiration stood out in drops upon his forehead and he was pale and excited. For the first time in three hundred years a man of his name was standing idly by, at the head of his regiment, and watching other men fight for their country. Once, twice, thrice, he begged Miller-Bernhardt for an order to advance.

"Let me take that hill," he pleaded, pointing to the slope crowned by the clamorous machine guns. "I could get up on the right side and rush them before—"

Miller-Bernhardt, red-faced and careworn, permitted himself to smile.

"This is a battle," he said, "not a massacre."

Col. aus dem Hohe flushed at this, for the War Lord had overheard, and glared at Miller-Bernhardt.

"I am not joking," he said icily. "I ask again for permission to advance."

"What chance would your cavalry have

against those machine guns?" demanded the immovable Miller-Bernhardt with a sort of superior disgust. "Do you think I'm crazy? Do you want to make me the laughing stock of Europe?" He straightened up with flashing eye. "Not a hundred of you men," he concluded thunderously, "would get half way up the hill."

"That may be," replied aus dem Hohe quietly. "I am not asking for a guarantee of safe conduct. I merely desire a chance to make a diversion and help Neuhaus get out of his—"

"You venture to criticise!" roared Miller-Bernhardt. "You think I've made a mess of it? You want to help me out? I order you—"

"Why not let him try?" said the War Lord, turning toward the division commander. He had overheard most of what had been said and the theatricality of the thing had appealed to him. Besides, the situation seemed to offer a good chance to test a theory. What if aus dem Hohe took the hill? What if his troopers rode into and over the machine guns? What if cavalry were still a serviceable arm after all, despite the theorists and the critics and the experience of two decades? Suppose the First Hussars turned the trick? How the world would sit up! How the text books would be changed! Certainly, it was worth the risk.

"Why not let him try?" said the War Lord.

Miller-Bernhardt, impatient, exasperated and, if the truth must be told, rather rattled, threw up his hands despairingly.

"If your majesty cares to take the blame," he said, "I am merely a soldier."

The sarcasm did not move the War Lord.

"It will be time enough to fix the blame," he said grandly, "when the day is ended. I think it's worth while to try."

Then Miller-Bernhardt, in high dudgeon, cloistered himself in his tent and made angry protest, by telephone, to the commander-in-chief. Meanwhile—all of this, you must remember, took but a few minutes—Col. aus dem Hohe, a smile upon his smooth face, shouted a quick order, and the First Imperial and Royal Regiment of King's Hussars, 645 strong, cantered up from the glade wherein its horses had been tethered and rode out into the

open, with plumes waving and steel shimmering in the morning sunlight. The War Lord, glasses in hand, saluted admiringly, as the ranks of shining chargers passed him. Here, at last, was something that might make the world forget the big war on the other side of the globe, and fix its mind, for a space, upon the War Lord and his army.

If you have ever seen a regiment of cavalry gallop across a parade ground, with a line of girls under parasols gazing on admiringly, you will know with what splendor and spirit the First Royal and Imperial Regiment of King's Hussars cantered down the winding road and into the low ground that separated the War Lord and his field glasses from the green hill of the machine guns, three miles away. Every trooper had his eyes to the front; every back was curved like a bow; every plumed head was erect and immovable. The very horses seemed to feel the portentousness of the march. Not only was the First Regiment going into action, but Cavalry itself, with its three thousand years of glory, was on trial for its life.

It was five minutes before the enemy noticed the gorgeous line of horsemen, for the smoke lay thick upon the hill of the machine guns, and five minutes more before the purpose of the movement seemed to be understood. That Miller-Bernhardt, even in the light of his morning's blunder, had ordered his cavalry to charge the hill, did not occur to the men at the top of it until the first troop was fairly at the bottom. Certainly it was ridiculous enough to make any self-respecting soldier rub his eyes. Arabs and Somalis might do such things—but Europeans? Cavalry against machine guns? As well say putty blowers against battle ships or riffles against bags of sand. It was incredible, astounding, absurd, impossible!

Far behind, with his eyes glued to his field glasses, the War Lord was dancing about excitedly.

"Why don't they fire?" he exclaimed. "It's a trap! Miller! Miller!"

Gen. Miller-Bernhardt had been standing behind him.

"There's plenty of time for firing," said the general grimly. "I suppose they want to waste as few bullets as possible."

Then the War Lord and the general,

through their glasses, saw an officer of the enemy's army stand upon a boulder and gaze down the slope upon the advancing horsemen. Of course, the distance was so great that it was out of the question, but the War Lord would have made oath that he saw him smile. Aus dem Hohe and his men were advancing up the rounded foot of the hill, in open order, and their horses were trotting slowly and heavily, as a cart horse moves, for the ground was steep and rough. The officer by the machine guns turned his glasses upon them again and then he dropped behind his boulder.

All the while a few of the guns had continued to squirt lead down the left side of the hill in the direction of Neuhaus' advance guard, which was dodging along under fairly good cover in the mouth of the valley. Suddenly these guns became silent and Neuhaus, far below, rallied and formed his men. At the same time a party of gunners in the enemy's dark green uniform, began to struggle with the guns and to swarm over them. They were turning them around, so that their muzzles pointed down the right front of the hill, toward the advancing ranks of aus dem Hohe's troopers.

The War Lord saw the young colonel himself, his saber unsheathed and his horse afoam, climbing, climbing, climbing. Behind him horses strained and stumbled and sprang into brief gallops and jumped clumsily over ditch and stone. It was a rough and a steep hill. Near the top the slope grew easier and when it was reached there would come an order to gallop.

"They'll do it! They'll do it! They'll do it!"

The War Lord pranced as if beside himself with excitement.

"Do what, sire?" asked the pessimistic Gen. Miller-Bernhardt.

"Take the guns!" replied the War Lord. "A dash and they'll have them."

Gen. Miller-Bernhardt took a calm and deliberate look through his glasses with an air becoming a division commander.

"I have my doubts," he said judiciously. "I doubt it."

The War Lord saw the first puff of thin white smoke from the machine guns ten seconds before he heard the faint rattle. As the smoke arose and drifted off in hazy wisps, there came a sudden transformation

and it seemed, through the glasses, that the First Regiment had suddenly become stalled in a marsh. Two horses broke from the mass and galloped down hill, with something heavy dragging after each of them. Then two more appeared, as dancing specks upon the hillside, and two more and three more and a dozen more. After that the smoke grew so dense that the War Lord saw nothing else. It was as if a curtain had been rung down in a play. Gen. Miller-Bernhardt, emerging from his tent, raised his glasses and looked intently and long. A staff captain came from his tent and touched his arm.

"Surgeon-Captain Schmillus is at the telephone, sir," said the captain.

"What does he want?"

"He wants to know how many surgeons you'll need from Hospital No. 4."

"Not many," said the general thoughtfully. "Tell him to send twenty—or say, twenty-five. Make it twenty-five."

"Twenty-five, sir," repeated the captain.

Then Gen. Miller-Bernhardt swept his glasses toward the mouth of the valley and allowed himself the luxury of a smile. Neuhaus' advance guard re-formed, rallied, and reinforced by his guard, was advancing up the left side of the hill to what was now the rear of the machine guns. Czermny and his brigade were plodding from left to right along the base of the hills. In twenty minutes they would be at the mouth of the valley, too. Only the 17th battery, on the hill behind the general, was idle. Officers and men were standing upon rocks, caissons and guns, watching the clouds of fretful machine gun smoke upon the hillside three miles away. Under and within that smoke was the First Royal and Imperial Regiment of King's Hussars. Maybe it was fighting the fight of its history. Maybe its fighting days were over.

For twenty minutes the cloud of smoke rested upon the hillside and the faint rattle came from afar. The War Lord, nervous and impatient, strained his eyes and anathematized his glasses. The smoke was white, billowy, opaque. Hussars, machine guns and the hill were behind it. Only a dim sound, as of a heavy wagon crossing a bridge, told the story of the fight—only the rattle and smoke. The machine guns





DRAWN BY E. BERT SMITH

"Suppose the First Hussars turned the trick?"



were still in action. Aus dem Hohe's men had yet to cut down the gunners and take the crest. And if they were to do it at all, they had to do it swiftly.

Meanwhile Neuhaus had picked up frantic signals from Miller-Bernhardt and was struggling up the hill, in the rear of the guns, and Czermy coming around from the left, was pressing his brigade through a wheat field. Five minutes passed, and then ten, fifteen and twenty. Neuhaus' men seemed to be crawling like snails; Czermy was a mired ox in his wheat field. The War Lord stamped and paced up and down. Gen. Miller-Bernhardt was more calm. He saw the solution of his difficulties unroll before him.

All things have an end, even in war, and by and by Neuhaus' shattered veterans reached the crest of the hill and fought for a moment with two companies of the enemy's infantry—man to man, arm to arm, shoulder to shoulder, cheek to jowl. It was dirty work, but it was short and decisive. Back went the enemy, broken and crushed, and quickly Neuhaus himself, an old man with a gray beard, dripping perspiration and blood, led the way upon the machine guns. More hacking and sweating and gasping—and one gun after another became silent. Czermy's brigade was at the mouth of the valley, the enemy's front was broken, the machine guns were taken. Miller-Bernhardt, back in his tent, made his exultant report to the general-in-command. If a regiment could fight its way in and back, a brigade could break the line as one breaks a lath over one's knee.

And so the smoke lifted and the War Lord peered through his glasses and when the air grew clear enough, he saw all that remained of the First Royal and Imperial Regiment of King's Hussars. As he gazed the curious thought came to him that it looked like six hundred red and silver flies stuck upon a huge sheet of green fly-paper. Fifty horses were struggling in one ditch and directly in front of the machine guns—it seemed, from where he stood, to be but a few feet—there was a great heap that moved and squirmed. A riderless charger, apparently unhurt, trotted slowly across the sky-line, and Neuhaus' men, in their khaki, could be just faintly discerned as they moved down the slope and dragged

the wounded up to the place where their surgeons were laboring with their own luckless companions and the few survivors of the foemen who had manned the machine guns. It was not pleasant to walk upon that slope. A wounded soldier crouches in the mud and waits in silence for stretchers or the darkness, but a horse—

"They're wig-wagging for more surgeons," said the War Lord, who prided himself upon the fact that he could read the flags as well as most men read a newspaper.

Gen. Miller-Bernhardt turned to a staff officer.

"Send ten ambulances and ten doctors," he said.

The heavy wagons went clattering down the road into the plain like coaches bearing a merry party to a picnic. After them went a burial party from the reserves, with the enlisted men told off for double fatigue as a punishment for minor regulation-smashing. They were sent to cut the bridles and trappings from the horses and to render an account of them to the quartermaster's department, which is charged with the care of such things. A couple of hours later, as the sun was sinking westward, the ambulances began to come back, each with its burden. Ten of them came trudging by, the wounded were not many.

In his tent Miller-Bernhardt dined with the War Lord and their talk was of strategy. The general was in affable mood, for the day had ended better than it began, and so he sipped his red wine and harkened unto the king.

"Just think of it!" said the War Lord. "Everybody said it could n't be done. And yet the First Hussars"—he stopped and corrected himself—"my First Hussars did it."

"With considerable loss," suggested Miller-Bernhardt discreetly.

"Of course," admitted the War Lord. "With very considerable loss." He paused and stroked his long moustachios. "In fact," he resumed, "you may say that their losses amounted to practical annihilation. But the essential point was gained. They advanced in the face of machine gun fire—and took the hill."

"With the aid of Neuhaus," suggested Miller-Bernhardt.

"True enough," said the argumentative

War Lord. "But Neuhaus would have been pushed back down the hill if they had n't engaged the guns."

Miller-Bernhardt refilled his glass.

"I rather fancy," he said, "that the world will never see another cavalry charge."

The War Lord's eyes sparkled.

"Then all the greater the glory!" he exclaimed. "All the greater the glory for you—and me!"

Miller-Bernhardt wondered what the newspapers correspondents would say of it and what the Leftists would charge on the floor of chamber.

"If your majesty will permit a reminder," he said, "you will remember that the charge was ordered by you, and not by me. Therefore, whatever glory arises—"

"Say no more," replied the War Lord royally. "I shall not forget your wise counsel."

Then they walked out of the tent upon a little terrace that ran beside the wagon road and watched the heavy ambulances pass by on their second trips to Hospital

No. 4. One stopped that its horses might rest and the War Lord stepped down to peer into it. A surgeon sat upon a campstool within bending over a man upon the floor. The man was in his underclothes and muddy, bloody bandages wrapped him in all directions. He was Lieut. Col. Oscar Ivanovitch aus dem Hohe. The surgeon reached for a lantern on the driver's footboard that his patient might see his visitor.

"Colonel!" exclaimed the War Lord, aghast.

Aus dem Hohe raised his head—and then it dropped upon his arm and great sobs shook him.

"My men!" he moaned. "My men! My men! My men!"

The War Lord motioned to the surgeon.

"Will he die?" he whispered.

The surgeon was a truthful man.

"I am afraid not, your majesty," he replied.

And the ambulance rattled off into the night, along the road that led to Hospital No. 4.

## Shopping With Katharine

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Not very long ago Katharine said to me: "Tom, I want you to go with me today. I have some shopping to do."

Now, as I have said many times before, Katharine, who is engaged to me, and who is the dearest girl in the world, might ask me to do anything for her and I would not refuse. But I must confess that my masculine courage almost failed me when I heard this half-request, half-command. A man abhors the average shop as a woman despises baiting a fish-hook, and the thought of wandering through those interminable aisles, filled with the indescribable odor of new linen and muslin, even though Katharine was at my side, caused me to experience a sensation well-nigh akin to horror. I am reasonable in most things, I think; but I suddenly became wholly unreasonable.

"My dear girl," I said, "you certainly don't mean what you say? Surely you

have too much respect for me to expect me to—to go shopping with you?"

"Why do you men object so to department stores?"

"Because they're so absolutely unmanly, and because one never knows whether or not to take one's hat off in the elevator."

"Silly! of course one should."

"But you never have room in one of those crowded iron boxes, which resemble nothing so much as a cell at Sing Sing, to lift your hand to your head. And if you do succeed in getting your hat off you have to hold it 'way up in the air, in a most uncomfortable position, or you'll have it crushed in the crush. Women are awfully strong in crowds—and on crowds! They love to flock to matinées and department stores, the Lord only knows why. You see, the average man likes to see women alone, not in droves. If I go shopping with you I'll be sure to lose you. If you'll

let me stay outside in the hansom I'll trot along. Otherwise, I'm afraid I'll have to beg off."

"But I have a special reason for wanting you to go with me today, and you must come. Please!"

Of course I went. There is no resisting Katharine when she says that little word "Please" in a certain delightful way.

So we stepped into our hansom and drove gaily down the avenue.

I felt, as I knew I would, foolishly out of place in the big shop which we first entered. I noticed, to my joy, that the place was not very crowded, the hour being early; but as Katharine and I rambled through the aisles I half wished that more people had been in the store, for the shop-girls would have had something better to do, in that case, than to stare at us and remark on my self-conscious stride. I know now why actors suffer from stage-fright. But to walk the length of a big metropolitan store, between rows of critical, much-compadoured young women, is a far more agonizing experience than to face a polite audience. I longed to sit down on one of those fascinatingly uncomfortable stools, upon which, as a child, I used to revel in twirling until I grew too dizzy to stand.

"I want the glove counter," Katharine finally said to me. "I wonder where it is?"

We asked a pompous floor-walker. His directions were more intricate than the patterns in his waistcoat.

"Four aisles to your left, pass the gents' handkerchiefs, then one counter straight ahead after turning once to the right."

I don't know how we got there, but we really did.

I like to see people buy gloves, because it is fascinating to watch the powder being poured in when they are tried on.

"You would n't think that little bit of powder could accomplish so much, would you?" I said to Katharine, as her hand slipped easily into a long black glove—the kind that wrinkle at the wrist delightfully.

"I sometimes think you are the most foolish boy in the world," was what Katharine said in reply to my remark. There was nothing then for me to do but twirl on the stool, which was a wobbly one, as it happened. I always seem to sit on a wobbly stool, if there is one in a place. I did n't

fall, I am happy to say. I can't think of anything more unpleasant than to fall on one's nose in a big shop. It would be as bad as tripping over a rug in the Waldorf corridor, where everyone sits, sooner or later hoping to see just some such accident.

Katharine bought several pairs of gloves and both of us, with rapt attention, gazed at the girl who wrote of the purchase and the amount in the remarkably complicated little tablet which hung from a string at her waist. I have often thought that there must be a special school somewhere where those girls learn how to enter, in such quick fashion, the details of what a customer buys. I am sure I could never master the intricacies of the carbon paper and the tearing out of exactly the right sheet which must be folded, with the purchaser's money, tucked away snugly in that tiny box above the counter and sent spinning to the cashier. All that is wonderful enough, to be sure; but the real marvel to me is that the girl can, while accomplishing so delicate and important a task, keep up a running fire of conversation with the saleslady on her left, wherein she relates how she has been at a ball the night before and did n't get home until four in the morning.

From the glove counter we proceeded to the handkerchief department, and Katharine, like every other woman, would not select anything until she had asked the girl, very politely, of course, to show her almost the entire stock.

After I had twirled on the little stool for what seemed to me an hour, I became, because I am only human, rather impatient.

"As if it made any difference, dear, what border you choose!" I remarked irritably.

"These happen to be for somebody else. If they were for myself I should n't be so particular." Which remark heaped coals of fire on my head and caused me to twirl so rapidly that I must have looked like the center pole of a merry-go-round.

"Why do they always fold handkerchiefs in that silly way?" I asked, for something better to say. "Nobody ever does after they get them home. I never could understand it."

"Nor I," laughed Katharine, much to my surprise. "I suppose there must be a reason." And we were friends again.

The shop-girl, who evidently took us for a pair of lunatics, looked pityingly upon us. "The reason is very simple," she volunteered. "It's so that the border will show all the way round, and yet not require a very large and unwieldy box. Cash!"

I was very glad to be enlightened; so was Katharine. We moved away, feeling that we had really acquired some wisdom.

Hardware and crockery have never interested me in the least. I do not believe I could care for a girl who liked them. Of course I care for Katharine, and of course it follows that she does not care for hardware and crockery. So we gaily passed by that dark and gloomy department in the basement, and were soon back at the glove counter—men's gloves this time.

"Why here?" I asked.

Katharine merely smiled. "I told you

I wanted you to come with me for a special reason. Now you shall learn why."

I am very dull.

"Try this pair on," said Katharine.

The salesgirl filled the left glove with powder, and I slipped my hand into it.

"These are corking!" I exclaimed.

"But why—?" I paused abruptly. Katharine had a fascinating twinkle in her eye.

"It's your—your birthday!" she said.

"You forgot, but I remembered! A half-dozen pair won't be any too many for you, who have your hand in everything."

"Even in yours," I said.

"Boy, dear, come along, and many happy returns of the day. Now you know why I wanted so much to have you with me. I wished the gloves to fit."

"Had you forgotten my size?"

"Ye-es."

I still have my doubts.

## The Resurrection of Rowley

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

William Westervelt, counselor at law, alighted from the car at the corner of Market and Main streets in Monroe. His demeanor in attire and attitude were those of a man with money; unruffled with care was his brow. He reached the sidewalk. A ruddy youth of sixteen summers, large for his age, clean but shabby as to garment, stepped across his path and held out a morning paper. The lawyer took the paper, and thrust a hand into his pocket.

"Thunder," he exclaimed, "I'd forgotten all about you, Roly Poly, and the paper. Say," he went on, "I have n't got a cent. I saved enough for car fare, but not for you. Hang it. Not a cent."

He thrust the paper back, but Roly Poly laughed.

"You had a roll last night, counselor," smiled he. "Where did you drop it all?" For he was on good terms with Westervelt.

Westervelt shaded his mouth with his hand.

"Don't give me away," he answered. "I dropped it all at Cradlebaugh's."

Roly shook his head. "You had n't ought to do it," said Roly; "not at Cradle-

baugh's. I would n't go into Cradlebaugh's—not with my roll—not me."

Westervelt coughed. "Roly Poly," he ventured, "what about craps, and such?"

The newsboy blinked and drew his hand across his mouth; he had no answer.

"Craps—for you," ventured Westervelt, "Cradlebaugh's for me. It's pretty much the same thing. It's the game, Roly, the game."

There was an answering fire in Roly Poly's eyes as Westervelt drew away. But the boy called him back, beckoning to him with overmuch mystery of manner.

"Counselor Westervelt," he said, "could I see you at your office, after hours to-night?"

"You," returned Westervelt.

"Sure," answered Roly Poly, "on legality business, all straight. Can I."

"After hours?" repeated Westervelt.

"Nine o'clock," returned the newsboy, "I can't do it any sooner."

Westervelt frowned. Having nothing to lose it had been his fixed intention to sit in at Cradlebaugh's that night.

Roly evidently divined his thoughts, for



he leaned toward the gamester-lawyer, whispering, "This here may be a bigger game than Cradlebaugh's," he said.

It was nine to the second that night when Roly Poly stepped into the office of William Westervelt. Westervelt passed over a cigar—for Roly was partial to cigars.

"Sit down, Mr.—" he began. And then he stopped. "By the way," he asked, "what's your name, you know?"

The lad slipped easily into a chair. "Roly," he answered; "that's it. Just Roly."

"Spell it," returned Westervelt.

"R-o-w-l-e-y," spelled the boy.

"Oh," exclaimed Westervelt, "and the Poly?"

Rowley grinned. "It's just for gammon and spinach," he returned enveloping himself in a cloud of smoke. "Me first name's John."

"Now, John Rowley," ventured Westervelt, "and what can I do for you?"

Young John Rowley hitched up his chair and spread his hands out upon the desk palms uppermost.

"I want you to kill off me old man," he whispered eagerly and huskily.

"What?" gasped Westervelt.

Rowley nodded. "You're a counselor, ain't you?" he inquired.

Westervelt assented.

Rowley tapped the table.

"You're to kill off me old man," he repeated, "or else," he added, "you're to bring him back to life. One of them two things."

Westervelt struck a match and slowly lit his cigar. "This looks like a bigger game than Cradlebaugh's," he ventured. He, too, leaned over. "Is your old man dead?" he asked.

"He is not," replied Rowley firmly.

"Is he living?" asked the lawyer.

"He is not," reiterated Rowley.

Rowley rose to his feet. "It's like this, counselor," he explained. "I don't know. I go to them, and I say to them: 'Here, me old man's dead,' and they say: 'He ain't—it's for you to prove he is.' An' I go to them again, and I say: 'The old man's alive,' and they say: 'He ain't; it's for you to prove.' So there you are."

"Who are 'they?'" inquired Westervelt.

Rowley waved an impatient arm. "The big lawyers—big stiffes, I think," he answered. "Cowen, Covington & Black. Them's the people—in the Law Building. It's old Cowen what tells me this; if I say 'dead,' he says 'no; if I say 'living,' he says 'no.' And there you are."

Westervelt went back, as was his custom, to the motive of the individual before him.

"What do you care, Rowley," he asked, "whether your old man is living or dead?"

Professionally he could take no account of filial affection; he felt that there must be something deeper in this anxiety as to the fate of a man who seemed to be hovering in a state of suspended animation between life and death. "What do you care?"

Rowley stepped forward dramatically.

"Don't you know?" he asked; "ain't you read the papers? Ain't you seen that big Foley of the gas works croaked six weeks ago. Ain't you seen that? Ain't you seen that he left millions behind him? Ain't you—"

"What of it," inquired Westervelt.

"What of it!" screamed the boy. "Why he did n't leave no will. He was goin' to, but did n't. That's the whole thing in a nutshell. He did n't leave no will."

Westervelt nodded vaguely. "All right, he said, 'that's agreed. He left no will, Big Foley. What's that to you?'"

John Rowley opened wide his eyes. "Ain't you heard no gossip?" he went on, "about me? Down Neck it's the talk o' the town. Ain't you heard it? I've told you and I'm tellin' you that big Foley was me father's only uncle; that me old man was Foley's only nephew; that me mother is me old man's wife; that I'm me old man's only child—and that it's big Foley that had millions and that did n't leave no will."

Westervelt whistled. "If this is straight, Johnny," he said, "it looks to me as if your old man would be a millionaire."

Once more Rowley tapped the desk. "And if he's dead," he said again, "what about me and me mother, and—the millions."

"If he's dead," mused Westervelt.

"Ah," returned Rowley, "that's the ticket for you to punch. If he is. If he is n't. Ah!"

Westervelt frowned. "Do you mean to





ley remained in Monroe, he formed with Higgins a friendship of the closest kind. (Westervelt thrust Higgins into the background of his mind for future consideration.) Time passed. Peter Rowley lived with his young wife in Monroe for just eight months. He was a failure in the thread works; he lost his job. The demon of unrest was upon this man Peter Rowley.

"I'll go back to my trade," he said.

He stretched forth his arms, kissed his young wife farewell, and started back to Terwilliger, of Keno, in Nebraska. She was to follow him—when? When young Rowley—Roly Poly of today—was born, and when her husband, Peter Rowley, could send on to her sufficient funds to follow him. Week after week, week after week, Peter Rowley wrote home to his wife, letters of affection, from Terwilliger's, in Keno, Nebraska. After awhile the letters stopped. There was a break of one whole year. The letters of Rowley's wife never came back, and were never answered.

And then, one stormy day, Higgins, of Down Neck, entered the arena of events. He had received, so he said, from Texas, a letter from a man named Cheney. Cheney was a stranger. Cheney, in his letter stated that Peter Rowley had been shot and killed in a barroom row at the town of Sparrows.

"He told me with his dying breath," said Cheney, sizing up the situation in a dramatic way, "that he died with a prayer for his wife's forgiveness on his lips."

The demon of unrest had led Peter Rowley to his death. But his young wife wrote to Cheney, of Sparrows, Texas, and received no answer. And Higgins, in due time, tore the Cheney letter up.

And all these things had occurred before big Foley had made his strike in gas. The last word had been received from Peter Rowley, and Peter Rowley had passed out of the obscure existence of his young wife. He was nothing save a memory. For fifteen years, his silence had hung, a funeral pall, over his young wife and the child he had begotten but had never seen.

Now that big Foley was dead, Cowen had advertised—was advertising throughout Nebraska, and throughout Texas; and without result.

"What do you think of it?" queried Roly Poly.

"I don't know what to think of it," answered Westervelt. "I can't tell until I have verified your facts. I'll see Cowen. I'll see Higgins. And then I'll send for you."

Rowley produced a slender roll of bills. "So far as we've got," he said, "how much am I owing you?"

Westervelt smiled. He had had several clients, all of them men and women who could buy and sell Roly Poly, but who would not, under any circumstances, sell papers for a living. And yet, here, out of the hands of a gamin of Four Corners, was the first retainer that had ever been offered to him. He shook his head.

"Johnny," he said, "this is going to be a big thing, or nothing at all, for you. It's a long race. You can't afford to pay as you go. You'd better make a contract—"

Rowley gasped. "You don't mean to say," he exclaimed, "that you'd take a shaky case like this—on spec. Not you? You ain't no ambulance chaser, and I thought—"

"Rowley," answered Westervelt, "I'm a gambler—and I want something big if I win, and nothing, if I lose."

Rowley stood for a moment lost in thought. "Will you come over to the Palace and have a oyster stew?" he queried.

Westervelt went. He was glad to. He had had no lunch that day for the same reason that he had not paid for Roly Poly's paper in the morning. And as he ate the stew, a phrase kept ringing through his ears. "Beyond the seas for seven years. For seven years—beyond the seas." He found it crystallized next morning, in the books.

It was not limited, this rule of law, to men beyond the seas. It applied to any man, to all men, anywhere, everywhere. It was a rule built upon one of the best traits of human nature—that men will come back home. There is some innate longing in mankind, that will not be denied, that sends men back to their fathers, mothers, wives, children, inside of seven years. And so strong is this influence, so reasons the law, that if a man come not back inside of seven years, he must be dead.



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

"What you givin' us?"

"It applies to ordinary men," Westervelt told himself, "under ordinary circumstances. Peter Rowley was an ordinary man; here in the East was his birthplace; here was his uncle; here was his young wife; here the son that he had never seen. It's fifteen long years. He must be dead."

Westervelt went to Cowen. Cowen was piqued.

"Why," he inquired of Westervelt, "did n't this newsboy retain our firm?"

Westervelt smiled. "Because," he answered mildly, "he retained me. With an oyster stew," he added to himself.

Cowen, with a bad grace, corroborated the boy. For Cowen had a duty to perform. He was counsel for an administrator who would be held to accountability for the proper disposition of the Foley millions. Cowen felt also in duty bound to place obstacles in the way of a boy who had not retained the firm.

"Our advertisements will find Peter Rowley," Cowen told Westervelt. "We're spending dollars to get him."

"If he does n't turn up?" ventured Westervelt.

Cowen smiled. He had not investigated the subject as carefully as had Westervelt, and he thought with satisfaction of the many years of uncertainty during which the firm would have the Foley millions for investment and reinvestment.

"We can't pay over, you know," he said to Westervelt, "until you prove him dead. That's all."

Higgins of Down Neck, friend of Roly Poly and Roly Poly's mother—one-time friend of the missing man—put an entirely different face on the matter.

"Dead!" he told Westervelt. "Dead! Pete's as dead as a door nail. Don't I know it. Did n't I get the letter from Texas, counselor. Sparrows, Texas. That was the place. Cheney, that was the chap. Don't I know. Dead. I should think so. Was n't Pete Rowley my friend. And ain't he dead? Sure. Counselor," he said, "it's my opinion that all you'll have to do is to go to Sparrows, Texas, get that there certificate of death, come back, and—there you are."

"I don't need it," answered Westervelt.

"I can prove him dead without all that, you know."

Higgins gulped. "No!" he exclaimed, startled.

Westervelt explained to him the rule of law governing the case.

He gulped again. "You don't say," he answered. "Seven years—fifteen. Is that there so. Well! Well!"

"With your testimony, Mr. Higgins," said Westervelt, "I am sure we can make a case."

Higgins kept on gulping. "Wonderful thing, the law, counselor. Just to think. Here's young Roly Poly steps into a million—just by showin' that his old man's been away for seven years or more. And why should n't he? With Pete dead as dead can be."

Westervelt did not advertise. He left all that to Cowen, who had millions to draw upon for expenses. But, after Cowen's failure to find Rowley was an established fact, then Westervelt began his suit—a suit against Peter Rowley, to establish his own death. It was ghastly, in a way. Yet there have been many such suits—that of Roderigas in New York is a striking example.

Westervelt served the missing man by publication—the only possible way. Under order of the court he mailed four copies of the papers to the dead man at points throughout the west. Three of these came back.

"Now," said Westervelt to himself, "we'll kill off Rowley."

The trial approached.

"You don't need to serve me with no subpoena," Higgins told Westervelt. "I don't need no fee. I'll be on hand to testify all right—in the front row."

He was enthusiastic, this man Higgins, for it was a fine and flashy newspaper story that the press had dwelt upon; and Higgins doubtless felt that on the day of trial he and his recollection of the Texas letter would hold the center of the stage. He was on hand. But when, in the midst of the trial, Westervelt called Higgins to the stand, there was no response. Officers searched the corridors—the other court rooms. There was no Higgins to be found. Cowen, who was fighting the case with steady persistency, snickered.

"But," said the court, "what difference does it make, Mr. Westervelt. In the face of absence for over fifteen years without being heard from, the rumor of his death is superfluous, it seems to me."

"I wanted Higgins," said Westervelt.

But he knew then, that he did n't need him, unless Cowen had something up his sleeve.

"I rest," he announced.

"Go on with your defence," said the court to Cowen.

There could be no defence; there was none, except fruitless argument by Cowen. It was all over. Westervelt had had the walkover that he anticipated. Rowley was dead.

That evening at Four Corners, Roly Poly could not sell papers for the crowd about him. They wanted to see him, to feel of his clothes—Roly Poly, the newsboy millionaire.

"All about the Rowley—Foley case," shouted Rowley the newsboy at the top of his lungs, remembering that he was a vendor of news. "One cent!"

One cent. For him it was the million dollar news!

Of course this was but the beginning, and Westervelt knew it and made Rowley understand it.

Cowen felt that it was necessary to appeal—to earn a fee—and that took time; and then there was an accounting—more fees—and that took time.

But triumphant all through and over these delays and obstacles, the voice of the law rang clear:

"Rowley is dead! dead! dead!"

"The money is as good as yours," said Westervelt to Rowley.

It was fourteen months after the trial of the case. Young Rowley, who had kept up well enough, began to get nervous; the excitement was telling on him, as the time approached when Foley's wealth would be placed within his hands. He could not sleep, forgot how to make change; his impatience was getting the best of him.

"I want to cash in," he said to Westervelt.

And then, in the midst of it all, Westervelt stepped into his law office after dinner one day, to find two men waiting for him. One was Cowen. The other . . .

The other was a scrawny individual wearing a rough, fur-lined overcoat, and a bear-skin cap. He was tanned and weather beaten—and defiant.

"This," announced Cowen with a half grin, "is our client, Peter Rowley—from the west."

"What," exclaimed Westervelt, "our Peter Rowley?"

"Our Peter Rowley," returned Cowen complacently, for he felt that the stranger belonged to his firm. "He has come back, after many years, to claim his own."

"But," protested Westervelt, looking Peter Rowley in the face, "you're dead. The judgment says so. You're dead as a door nail."

The stranger got up and shook himself.

"What are you giving me," he answered.

"I'm alive; don't you know nothin'. I'm alive, I tell you."

The humor of the situation forced itself upon Westervelt. He laughed; this was a part of the game.

"You're dead," he retorted, in answer to the stranger.

"Prove it," returned the other.

"I have," answered Westervelt, "and you'll have to prove that you're alive."

Cowen winced for an instant. That much was true. They must establish the identity of the stranger; they must show that this Peter Rowley was the real Peter Rowley.

And then Westervelt instantly divined the purpose of their visit. They were stuck.

They could not prove identity, perhaps, without the testimony of Roly Poly's mother—the one person who knew Peter Rowley well.

Meanwhile, Westervelt furtively watched the stranger—a man with uneasy manner and of shifting glance.

"Is this Peter Rowley?" queried Westervelt, of Cowen.

"Not a doubt of it," returned Cowen. "We went down to see a man who knew him right away. Not a doubt of it. It was Higgins. Higgins knew him in a flash."

Westervelt started. "Higgins," he mused. Then they could prove identity by Higgins. Higgins, he recalled, had disappointed him upon the trial.



"So you've seen Higgins?" he queried, bending his gaze upon the face of the bear-skin man. The latter moved uneasily in his chair.

"Ye-ah," he said, "I saw Higgins."

"A great friend of yours?" suggested Westervelt.

Again that shifty, uncertain glance. "I knew him," answered the stranger shrugging his shoulders; "I did n't know him very well."

"Lie No. 1," thought Westervelt.

"Have you been to Mrs. Rowley?" he inquired.

They had not. They did not say exactly why they had not.

"We wanted to be fair," Cowen explained; "we came to you. We want Peter Rowley to be identified by Higgins and by Mrs. Rowley. He's the man, all right. We've heard his story, and no other man than Peter Rowley could tell it straight. But, of course, when you're ready, we'd like to see this Mrs. Rowley, and have her say whether he's the man."

"Thursday—at two o'clock," said Westervelt.

They went, and Westervelt called in Roly Poly.

"We've got to be fair," he told Roly. "If this man is your father, the estate is his and not yours. If he's the man, your mother must say so, that's all."

But Westervelt determined that he would admit the identity of this stranger in his own time and in his own way. There was something about Rowley that he did n't like; something that he must find out.

However, Cowen and his new client turned up on Thursday at two o'clock, to find Westervelt, and a woman, closely veiled, who sat in a dark corner of the room. Peter Rowley eyed this silent figure furtively from time to time; but he sat uneasily upon his chair.

"Mr. Rowley," said Westervelt finally, "have you any marks upon you which might serve to identify you as the man you claim to be?"

Cowen smiled. For answer Rowley took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. On one arm was the figure of a hornpipe dancer; upon the other that of a serpent coiled and about to strike, and beneath it were the letters "P. R." The woman in

the corner leaned forward the better to observe these marks.

Westervelt sighed. This was Rowley. There was no doubt about it; everything, every link in the chain of evidence was complete.

"Well," said Cowen triumphantly, "are you satisfied. Are you prepared to admit that this man is the nephew of big Foley?"

"I am not prepared," answered Westervelt, "to admit anything."

The stranger, with a rough but nervous gesture toward the woman in the corner, took a step forward. To Westervelt's eyes the stranger seemed to be making an effort—approaching an ordeal, the sooner over the better.

"What you givin' us," he answered Westervelt. "She'll know me. Why don't you let her say the word."

For answer Westervelt stepped to the woman and tore the veil from her face. It was no woman. It was merely young Johnny Rowley masquerading as a woman; masquerading as his mother, and the wife of the man before him.

"What silly trick is this?" asked Cowen in disgust.

"Who is this kid?" asked Rowley.

Westervelt told him.

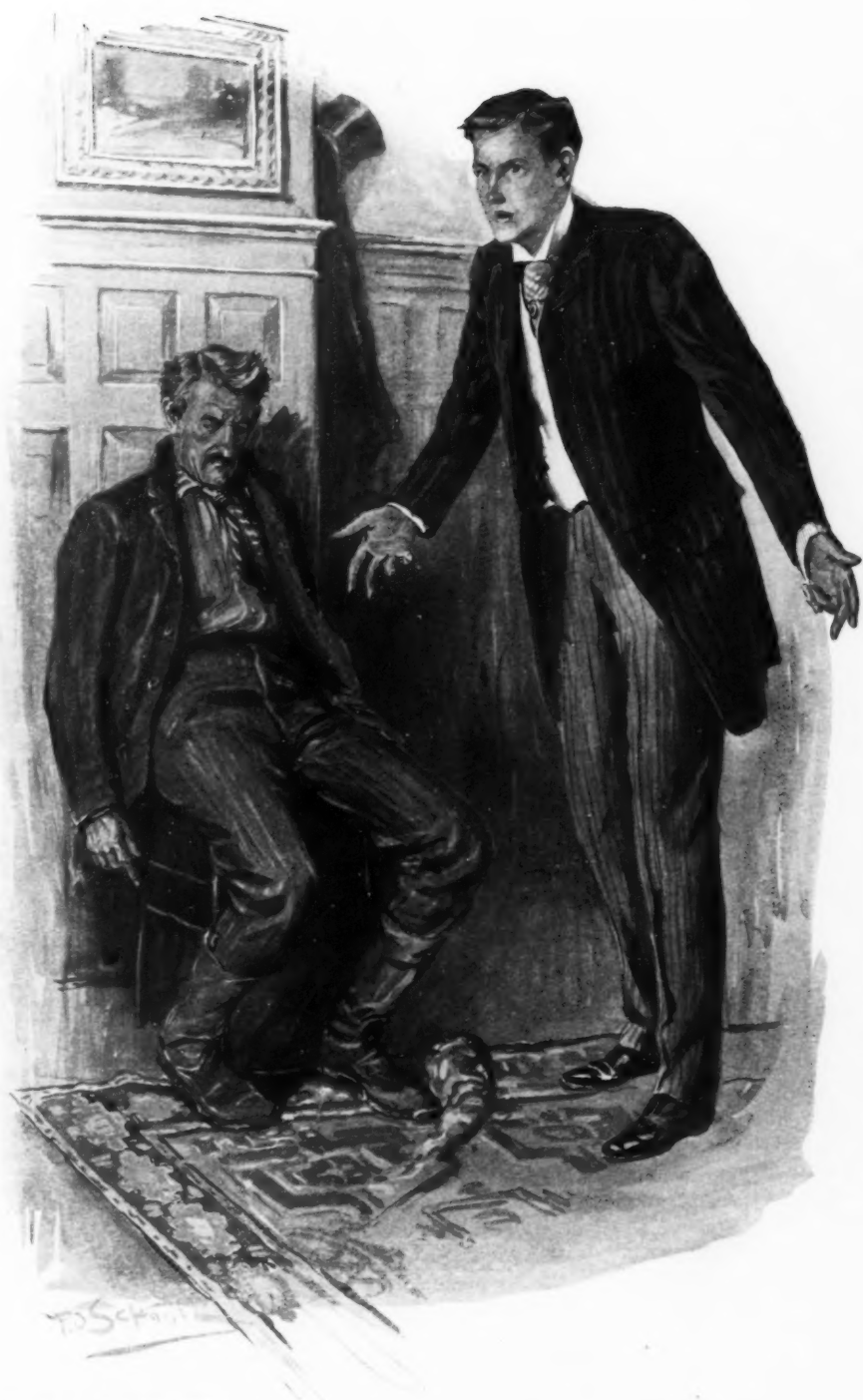
Peter Rowley merely looked relieved. "I'm your father, kid," he said.

It was silly, this trick. But Westervelt played it for three reasons. He wanted young Rowley to see his father, and to hear him. He knew that young Rowley's mother was a woman who wore her heart upon her sleeve, and that she would blurt out that it was Pete; she would furnish Cowen with the evidence he wanted. He wanted further to determine what it was in Peter Rowley's manner that made him wince in the slightest degree in the presence of his wife, or at the mention of her name. There was something written on the soul of Peter Rowley which Westervelt could not read.

And Mrs. Rowley. She was in the Borough of Manhattan, living in an obscure part of town until Westervelt was ready to have her say the word. And he told Cowen so.

"I thought you were going to be fair," retorted Cowen.

"I shall be," answered Westervelt,



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOUK

"Perjury! What do you say to that?"

"therefore, you had better make your motion to reopen this judgment, and when it's opened, be prepared to prove your case."

"I can do it like rolling off a log," said Cowen.

"I know you can," returned Westervelt. "But," he thought to himself, "it will take you two good months to do it, and in the meantime—"

The judgment was opened; the case was set for trial. And then, Westervelt went west.

Up to this time Westervelt had not the slightest idea what he was going to do. He knew that Peter Rowley was Peter Rowley! But Peter Rowley bothered him. Higgins bothered him. He didn't know why. But, though he had no theory, he had a fine faculty, had Westervelt, for unearthing all the facts. Theory is superfluous to a man who knows the facts; once the facts have been discovered a consistent theory must develop.

The one fact that Westervelt conceded was that this man was the real Rowley. Why, then, had Rowley stayed away? And Higgins—what part did Higgins play in this?

Once he reached Nebraska he found little difficulty in reaching Keno. He found Terwilliger. Terwilliger had not seen Rowley for twenty years, or even more. He merely told the story that Westervelt knew by heart. From Keno Westervelt went to Andersville, the place where Rowley had lived at the time of his recent trip to the east. There was little or nothing to learn there, save that Rowley was a roving cheesemaker who had lived at Andersville for less than ten months. Westervelt traced him back to Titus Corners, to Bullport—to Antwerp. The same story, everywhere. They knew little of him—he had gone from place to place—the demon of unrest upon him. But at Antwerp some slight interest was evinced.

"There's a fellow over to Longwood," said those of Antwerp to Westervelt, "name of Manners, that's been here to see this chap Rowley. You might drive down to see him. Manners of Longwood. Abe Manners. That's the chap."

Westervelt saw Manners.

"I know Pete Rowley too darn well,"

said Abe Manners; "he's owed me a hundred and fifty dollars for the last four year. I know that. And I know that I'm going to take it out of his hide before the blamed statute runs against it, too."

"What do you know about him?" queried Westervelt.

Manners shrugged his shoulders. "What business is it of yours?" asked Manners.

Westervelt had a pocket full of money that he had picked up at Cradlebaugh's. He pulled out a roll of bills, peeled several from the outside, and held them out toward Manners.

"I'll take an assignment of your claim," he said.

In the corner of the hotel office that afternoon, Manners furnished Westervelt with all the information that he had—such as it was. And if Westervelt had had any doubt that Cowen's client was Peter Rowley, this conversation with Abe Manners removed it. Three days later he was back again at his office in Monroe.

Six weeks later at the new trial, the missing Peter Rowley took the stand. As he did so, he looked down into the face of the woman whom he had married seventeen years before, and with whom he had lived for but eight months. It might have been a dramatic moment. But it was not. The mother of Roly Poly, if she felt this moment, had steeled herself against it. And beyond the merest startled tremor, Peter Rowley gave no sign. He was supported by the excitement of the moment. For this time he held the center of the stage; he had come back, as Cowen had said, to claim his own, for himself, and for no one else.

He told his story. It was simple, even as the story of his disappearance had been. For over fifteen years he had lived and moved and had his being within a radius of fifty miles of Keno and Terwilliger's. He had never been outside of Nebraska.

"But," protested Westervelt, "what about Texas? What about Sparrows? What about Higgins?"

Peter Rowley, who felt the Foley millions already in his grasp, grinned and shook his head.

"Higgins must 've been dreamin'," he

answered, "I was never out of Nebraska the whole time."

In his voice was the ring of truth. Westervelt knew that as to this, he was stating facts. Nevertheless, he cross-examined in detail.

"Mr.—Higgins," exclaimed Cowen.

But once more Higgins had disappeared: Higgins, who was to furnish the corroborative evidence as to identity.

Cowen was annoyed. Peter Rowley still lingered on the witness stand, looking about the court room, apparently, in search of Higgins. Cowen turned to Westervelt. "Are you satisfied," he asked, "that Rowley is Rowley, or shall we call your client, Mrs. Rowley. Do you admit identity?"

For answer, Westervelt had made a sudden signal and two men entered the court room. The first man to see these two was Rowley from his vantage point upon the steps of the witness stand. He started, his face turned white, and he began, almost imperceptibly, to tremble. The first of the two men walked boldly through the crowd and stood at Westervelt's side. The second of the two followed suit, and as he went brushed back his coat lapel, and exhibited, thus carelessly, the badge of a special officer in plain clothes.

Westervelt waited for an instant, and then thrusting his hand through the air and toward Rowley on the stand, he turned to Cowen.

"We do not admit that he is Rowley," he thundered. "We charge that he is Rowley; we allege the fact."

At that instant the judge's gavel descended. It was 3:45 P. M., adjournment hour.

Rowley slipped nervously from the witness chair and slunk to the side of Cowen and whispered in his ear. Cowen listened, turned red in the face, and then stepped to the side of Westervelt.

"Mr. Westervelt," he said, "we'll have a conference, if you please, down in your office."

Westervelt nodded, and the whole party filed out of the court house, including the two men. Once inside of Westervelt's office, the plain clothes man stepped forward.

"I've got a warrant," he announced, "for a man named Peter Rowley, nephew of the late Mr. Foley. Is he here?"

No one answered. Rowley in the corner, only shivered.

"He does n't seem to be," said Westervelt, winking at the officer; "perhaps later we shall find him."

The officer, who understood completely and was paid for understanding, left the room and took up his position in the hall. The other man remained.

"Mr. Manners," said Westervelt, to this other man, "is this the Mr. Rowley that you were telling me about?"

Manners nodded.

"Mr. Cowen," said Westervelt, "I take it that the identity of this man Rowley is not yet fully proven in your case. When it is,

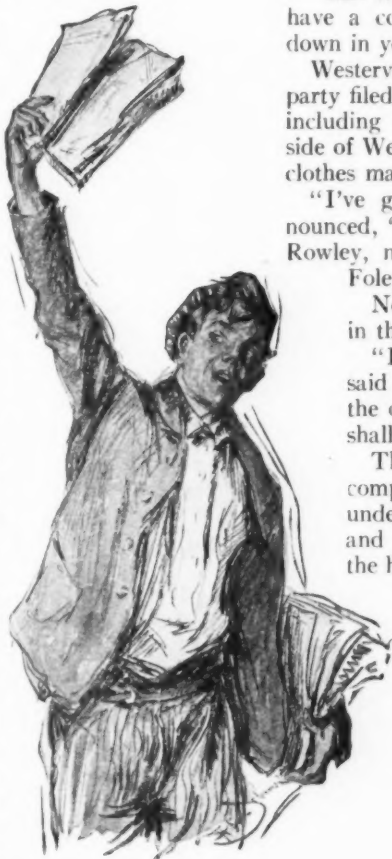
I shall instruct an officer to arrest him and hold him here for trial—but not before?"

"For—what?" asked Cowen.

"For—bigamy," thundered Westervelt, "and," he continued, "if you do not prove his identity, I shall, unless—"

Rowley leaped to his feet.

"Unless—what?" he cried, with a growing hope in his voice.



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOL

Roly Poly

"Unless," answered Westervelt, "we can compromise this case."

The color rushed back into Rowley's face, and he was at the table plucking Cowen by the arm. Cowen stood whispering for a moment with him. Then Cowen turned to Westervelt.

"This second marriage which you claim," he remarked, "is alleged by you to have taken place in Nebraska almost fifteen years ago. What about the statute, and what about extradition. If you hold this man at all, it must be in Nebraska. And what about the lapse of all this time?"

Westervelt smiled. "Then," he answered, "as you please. I shall hold Mr. Rowley upon another charge."

"What charge?"

"Perjury!" thundered Westervelt. "Perjury!" When he told me upon the cross examination, three times today, that he had never married in the west. Told me under oath, little thinking that I knew. Perjury! What do you say to that?"

Rowley groaned and slumped down into a chair.

"Mr. Rowley," said Westervelt, "will you admit before these people that you have a wife and family in Nebraska; that you married there some fifteen years ago; that you dared not come back until this fortune was at stake; that your friend Higgins of Monroe knew this fact—Higgins, who has feared to take the witness stand; that you coached him and he coached you; that through him you informed your family here that you had been shot and killed in Texas; that all these years you have been kept informed by Higgins that your wife still lived here; that you are a bigamist and a perjurer—"

"And a liar," broke in Manners, "and a thief."

Rowley hesitated.

"Mr. Manners," said Westervelt, "please usher in Mr. Plain-clothes Smith."

"Hold on—hold on," growled Rowley. "I admit it—I admit it. It's all right."

"You are willing, are you," went on Westervelt, ignoring Cowen, "to give up one-half of the estate of Foley, to a certain woman of Monroe of the name of Alice

Brown Rowley, and to her son John Rowley? Is that right?"

"That sounds like blackmail," ventured Cowen.

"I don't care what it sounds like," answered Westervelt. "I know what it is. It is the support of a wife and child by a man bound to support them. That's what it is, and nothing else."

"It's all right," answered Rowley. "I'll do it. I'll sign off right away."

Westervelt took him at his word. Five minutes later the Foley fortune had been halved.

"Mrs. Rowley," said Westervelt, turning to Roly Poly's mother, "this man, Peter Rowley, that you married back in 1873, when did he die?"

"I was told by Mr. Higgins," she answered, evenly, "that my husband, Peter Rowley, died back in 1875."

"Then," remarked Westervelt, "if he's dead, it's best to leave him so."

"Mr. Plain-clothes Smith," he said to the officer, whom he had sent for, "this is not the gentleman you seek." And the man of the plain clothes force immediately bowed and left.

"I told you we'd be fair," said Westervelt to Cowen, "and we were."

"So were we," retorted Cowen.

"You had to be," said Westervelt.

"Roly Poly," remarked Westervelt two months later, when he gave to Roly Poly, the latter's share of the big Foley estate, "now that you've got this, I want you to promise me a big, big thing."

"Say it," answered Roly Poly.

"Give up the game of—craps."

Roly Poly grinned. "For Cradlebaugh's?" he asked.

Westervelt vigorously shook his head. "Give up all games," he commanded, "now, in the days of your youth when it's an easy thing to do. For afterwards—"

He stopped.

"Afterwards?" repeated Roly Poly.

But Westervelt did not answer. Already was he figuring out how to break the bank at Cradlebaugh's with this, his very latest and his greatest contingent fee.

"The game—the game," he was murmuring to himself.



# Some Modern Gladiators

BY HUGH PENDEXTER

"These special stories about the courage of men who bag big game are largely diluted with bosh," declared Billy Campbell, tossing aside the Sunday paper. "Why, a sportsman who has graduated *maxima cum laude* in the unknown sections of Africa can take his 40-bore and stop the worst rogue elephant that ever sounded a trumpet without turning a hair." Then as I continued to smoke in silence he further tempted: "If you really desire to get chummy with various disagreeable forms of death just try to catch wild life for a circus. That means you must not injure the lion, cat, or tusker. Why, sir, killing an elephant is like derailling a freight train. There's no danger if you are decently careful."

The strolling actor had long promised me a yarn on his experience in the dark continent, where he and Tiberius Smith, the old showman, had obtained the four-footed furnishings for several menageries. The moment seemed ripe to remind him of the debt, and in reply he said:

"Why, yes; there's one instance that goes to make a fairish sort of a story, when once you come to appreciate the unlovable disposition of Feeney Scraws."

"Who was—?" I urged.

"The best informed assassin on cruelty in all Africa," explained Billy emphatically. "He ought to have been a dentist. He was a native chief, a Professor of Unpleasant Practices. The white traders gave him his name, it being a travesty on some Arabian appellation he had assumed. He was, you know, one of those kind of individuals you'd just dote on killing. And he was the fay that collected Tib and me in while we were snooping about his preserves for big game. Why, say, I reckon the dust on his conscience was seven inches thick.

"It all happened after Tib and I had obtained permission to net anything on four legs in the Congo State the year around, we paying a liberal premium on all victims shipped, although the open

season for hunters is limited to six months. We also had licenses in the Uganda Protectorate and the East Africa Protectorate. You'd think those stamping grounds would suffice to fill all menageries under canvas. But as we drew near the Uganda border Tib heard of the Lake Bango country, encompassed by the big Magli marsh, and although this region was under no protectorate and although the inhabitants were said to be replete with disagreeable sentiments toward strangers the old chap was crazy to visit it. The fact that it was forbidden to the blonde race only conjured up in his mind all sorts of eccentric quadrupedal possibilities; and when our headman shivered in the brazen sunlight and said Mr. Scraws existed solely to kidnap foolish transients, and added that fugitives from that realm had told fearsome nursery tales about man-eating white leopards I knew we were booked for the Bango.

"When we reached the Uganda border almost all our porters threw down their packs and demonstrated they possessed about as much sand as an invalid meadow lark. It did no good to twit them of the deficit, however, and although Tib's reproaches were about as sweet as a wormwood factory they remained firm, stifled their pride, and insisted they would have naught to do with Feeney Scraws and his children. They would wait on the border until they had read our obituary notice, but cross the line they would not. Several 8-bore rifles as bribes finally resulted in a handful of Zulu boys sticking by us, but we left most of the baggage behind with the scared ones.

"Thus with a very slim entourage we drew near Mr. Scraws' *boma*, as the native village is called, and began hunting the fever-laden marsh for white leopards.

"Now that we are out of that business, I'll explain that much of our success in trapping the untamed people of the tanglewood was due to a powerful ammonia pistol, much like those used today by cyclists in hesitating ugly dogs. Tib had improved

the article as ordinarily made until it would shoot fifteen charges of the strongest kind of dope, and our employer often utilized it in quieting caged animals in place of the crude hot iron. One slug of that stuff, as prepared by Tib, would send the average striped cat or lion off to slumberland for several minutes, and the patient on awaking was usually very docile. Tib always claimed he could construct a repeating rifle that would carry enough of the nectar to lay low any male elephant that ever waved tusks.

"Well, we made the east shore of Lake Bango, undisturbed, and as the hunting was as thin as an almshouse stew we picked up some native boats and crossed to the west side. The sinister aspect of the country chilled me, sir, despite the terrible heat; else, maybe, it was a touch of the marsh fever. Anyway, when my boy in his quaint *patois*, tried to tell me how Chief Scraws was reputed to pick up much pocket money by selling his guests to Emi Bey's people up north my nerve vanished and I begged Tib to turn about.

"He studied the approaching shore steadily for a few minutes and then observed, 'Too late, my child. I think our host awaits us; the trees are alive. To retreat now would mean a swarm of them upon us, for they have a few bark ferries on the beach, I note. Brace up, and try to infuse a little self-respect into our simple followers, as I fear they have forgotten their ancestral pride and will do us scant credit.'

"And all the while we were slowly drawing ahead, the blacks paddling mechanically, their eyes rolling abnormally as they sought to pierce with fascinated gaze the threatening, rank foliage, now very near. And just as I had finished a survive-or-perish harangue a cloud of Feeney's magpies burst into view and even waded out up to their shoulders to meet us, so warm was their cordiality. Tib had lighted a quinine cigaret and stood in the bow of our yacht, seemingly unaware of one six-foot midget shrieking in his ear and flourishing an ax about his rotund form. I tried to be a good understudy and the galley slaves were so thoroughly frightened they sat like cigar store Indians. As the boat grated on the rocks Tib jumped

ashore, thrust his hands into his pockets and gazed about for the head pirate.

"There he is, Billy; the man with the face like an inflamed nightmare. Jovial, whole-souled looking chap, eh?" and he nodded his head carelessly toward him we both knew to be Chief Feeney Scraws.

"His face was heavy and oblong, and every specie of cussedness that had ever attracted attention had carved its initials between his low forehead and sharp chin. His crease of a mouth was smiling, but his eyes blazed with a pure, green luster. They made me think of emeralds. We afterwards learned that in nationality he was a polyglot, containing the worst of all races; and every drop of blood in his miserable carcass sat up nights trying to devise some bit of deviltry that would cause the other corpuscles to blush with envy.

"As I was studying our host Tib flicked the ash from his anti-fever cheroot and sauntered up to him and stuck out his hand as if he expected to hear the chief say, 'Welcome, Englishmen!' Instead of that, Feeney grabbed the palm of friendship in one black claw and with a hoot of rage held the old chap fast, while with his other talon he lifted a short ax.

"Don't make a move, Billy,' warned Tib in a low voice, as with his free hand he reached in his pocket and produced his last cigaret and lighted it.

"The moral effect of this simple little act swept the chief off his feet for the moment, sir. He lowered his weapon with a grunt of chagrin, or wonder, and released my patron. It was lucky thus, as I was unarmed, all our guns, except our ammonia pistols, being in the boat. And I reckon if I had shot Feeney, Tib and I soon would have overtaken him in spirit land; for the mob was unusually demonstrative.

"Keep near me and walk slow,' cautioned Tib. 'Any show of fear means the emergency ward.' Then he mopped his brow and motioned for the chief to lead us to some shade. It was coolly done and some lone corpuscle of our host's tainted blood began to admire the old fellow's nerve, as was evinced by the swift gleam of his green eyes. It was fleeting, but we both caught it, and Tib murmured over his resolute shoulder, 'We've got him puzzled a bit. Would n't he make an elegant

wild boy! I'd almost prefer him in a cage to a white leopard.'

"I remarked I would prefer him at the bottom of the Bango, well surrounded by his subjects, and then the assembly turned and began making away from the lake. We walked beside the chief, although he scowled and motioned for us to fall in behind. Tib pretended not to understand the hint and we kept our places in the chorus. When we came to a boggy spot and had to jump it Tib never hesitated to rest his plump hand on Feeney's shoulder for support. And the chief's rage at this familiarity was intense to witness, sir. He simply stopped and dashed his ax into a tree and let out a series of yelps you could have heard in Uganda.

" 'I'll chasten his proud spirit,' grinned Tib. 'Any millinery display of white feathers will mean an immediate clinic. Tread on his heels a bit.'

"This command seemed to me to lend itself to funereal environments, but I obeyed, and would have been brained instantan if Tib had not stepped in between and in the traders' lingo called a halt. Although the chief stayed his hatchet arm he jumped enthusiastically up and down several times in an ecstasy of pique and knocked one of his body-guard senseless with the flat of his ax. The fellow would have received the edge, only the blade caught in an overhanging creeper. Tib smiled in approbation and to further show his approval gave the prostrate warrior a hearty kick.

"But Mr. Scraws did not possess a reputation for being thoughtfully and exquisitely cruel for nothing, and after a short session of storm signals his merry face was distorted into a smile, and he clapped us both on the shoulder amiably, and indulged in spasmodic chucklings.

" 'You've done the trick,' I remarked admiringly. But the face Tib turned on me was puckered with apprehension.

" 'I fear you are in error, my child,' he protested. 'When Brother Feeney laughs way down in his stomach there's something stirring for the spectators. We had him dubious at first; now he has decided just what he's going to do and it tickles him. And, I guess, what agitates his

risibles would n't take any prize in a Vermont parlor entertainment.'

"And Scraws' fearful good nature continued as we left the wood and came out into a little clearing where the odoriferous village was baking. Once in the opening he patted my arm affectionately and then dropped to the sward and writhed in merriment.

" 'Maybe he is n't so black as he's tanned,' I whispered hopefully.

" 'Kindly observe how his followers receive his evidences of good humor,' suggested Tib.

"And hang me, sir, if Feeney's men weren't all of a shake! The squaws, too, who ran up to meet us, no sooner saw their master enjoying his little joke than they began tearing their hair and scuttling for cover. Feeney, choking with mirth, called a warrior to approach. This man rolled his eyes in despair and gave a tree a farewell rap with his head before obeying. His legs warbled as he dragged himself forward and kneeled. His boss tapped him coily on the pate with the ax handle. It seemed to me the chief ruffled the address longer than was necessary and was loath to desist. But with a sigh he finally lowered his comforter and the sweat rolled from the crouching figure's limbs.

" 'Why, look at the black imp's eyes!' murmured Tib.

"And Feeney's eyes were blood red.

" 'Not what you'd call amiability,' I suggested with a shudder.

" 'Certainly not the innocent jollity of childhood,' groaned Tib.

"At this point the chief gave the warrior some command, and as if reprieved from death the subject sprang to his feet and motioned us to follow him. The chief, still decorated with his hideous smile, nodded for us to obey, and as we were led to a hut in the middle of the glade he kept us company and bowed us within with much mock humility.

" 'Too intensely polite,' snorted Tib, once we were alone and the opening filled up by the backs of two giant guards. Then he added thoughtfully, 'But my ancestors weren't Green Mountain Boys just for notoriety's sake, and he'd have a run for his money if I had a gun.'

" 'They are busy about something,' I remarked, as the sound of falling timbers and the guttural cries of the men beat against the hide sides of our prison.

" 'I guess it is something elaborate,' admitted Tib, trying to peer through the opening; whereat the guards pushed him back.

" 'It's needless to say our little cosy-corner was getting warm with the doorway closed. But the warriors, sitting back to us, not knowing but what they'd get a knife or a kick in the neck at any minute, demonstrated how dear to their hearts were Feeney's orders, and we got no fresh air. There they were when the sun vanished and the tropical night rushed in. Then torches were lighted outside and the bevy of villagers still kept at work, while above the clamor we occasionally heard the hearty laughter of the chief and knew the point of his joke had lost none of its savor. Evidently he was preparing a four-page comic supplement in five colors; and the very knowledge that he was out-doing himself kept slumber on the side lines.

" 'And as if I did n't have enough to fret over, Tib began to go light-headed from a taste of the swamp fever, and talk rapidly in a hectic-flush kind of a voice. 'We don't know what it is, but you can anticipate it is very complete, and finished as to detail,' he mumbled, as the sound of the laborers grew scant in the coming gray of the morning. Then 'Good-by My Sweet,' he began to babble in his clear, seven-story tenor, as our guards silently rose and left us.

" 'I say, old chap, don't,' I begged. 'It's almost sacreligious.'

" 'You silly jade,' he quizzed, the red spots on his plump cheeks now glowing as if stamped with a stencil. 'Great Scott!' next he muttered, while I sat with despairing head ensconced in my hands. 'I guess, my child, I've a touch of the fever. Hum! and now I've got 'em. Walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen, walk in. One hour in the big animal tent before the first act in the triple sawdust arena. This is Gooseberry, the man-eating lion. See him—'

" 'O quit,' I cried. 'Can't you see you're going daffy with swamp suggestions?' For my little seance with the oven heat and

shivers of the disease had left me peevish.

" 'Just as you say, my child,' he replied humbly. 'Maybe, old Tib is cross-eyed mentally, but hang me, if he does n't look like a lion. A figment of the—'

" 'And great Scott, sir! I turned, and if there was n't the bulky, befringed head of a big male leo in the narrow aperture of the tent!

" 'Tib!' I shrieked. 'It's real!'

" 'And at that my patron pealed forth one resonant roar that caused the massive beast to snarl and spring back. 'Where's the keeper?' he cried, again going a bit flighty. 'The idea of letting him out to scare the women and—I forgot. It's real.' Then he put to rout his imagination for a moment and swayed to the opening and scowled as he fixed his attention on the present. 'We stand about as much of a chance as an old fashion safe in the hands of a gang of yeggmen,' he mumbled.

" 'The timid peep I stole over his shoulder, reinforced by the rising sun, revealed for the first time what those captains of industry had been doing. During the night they had enclosed us and our villa in a palisade of young trees and slabs of bark; while at the other end of the corral the tawny form of our recent visitor walked nervously back and forth with slow, gliding step. Our host had prepared a little Roman holiday, and it was the anticipation of this treat that incited him to chortle so merrily on yester-eve.

" 'We're the newer, better, breakfast food,' explained Tib, as he tried to wipe the nightmare from his eyes. Then he gazed on me cunningly and demanded, 'Don't play it too strong on the old man, Billy. I feel doped, but is that—or is it not?'

" 'It is,' I gasped. 'For my sake come out of it. It's real.'

" 'Enough to scare a scarletina germ into being sterilized,' he lisped. 'And, O for the touch of a Maxim gun and the sound—'

" 'We've only our pocket knives,' I reminded, going so limber I had to clutch his hysterical shoulder for support.

" 'My grasp seemed to jolt him toward reason a bit; for after looking at me inquiringly he appreciated the situation and said more soberly, 'We must show 'em the



early martyrs weren't the only hardy people, Billy. Pocket knives only, and—By Lake Champlain! We're both doddering idiots! Hurrah!

"Of course, if he was going to shy away from sanity in that way, it did n't make much difference what happened, and it sent the tainted blood to my own belfry, and I sobbed, 'All right, old lion. Come and eat us. Why be poor and hungry when you—'

"'Shut up!' he roared. 'We have the ammonia guns. Quick! See if they are loaded!' Then more slowly, 'If that bee would keep out of my head I'd teach 'em that the spirit of Spartacus still loafs about in old New England.'

"'Please be sane,' I begged, my head going cool again. 'A lion is all I can stand. My gun's loaded.' And my heart gave a mighty thump as I yanked it forth and found its bulb filled to the limit with Tib's ex-special brand of dope.

"As he produced his pistol the fever returned and he patted the barrel wagishly, and then mumbled, 'I only hope the lion that eats me won't ever fight or have any quarrels with your lion.'

"'There's only one,' I remonstrated, slapping his shoulder.

"'Very well,' the old chap assented apologetically, 'if he comes one at a time he can never get through the door.'

"It was a mighty tough combination, you'll admit, sir—the lion and Tib's erratic delirium. It was more trouble than an unmarried man ought to inherit. 'Only one, remember,' I begged.

"'Just as you say, Billy, but I can see two,' he insisted mildly. 'One's coming toward us; 'tother ain't. Which shall we shoot at?'

"And bless you, sir, there were two lions. I thought at first I'd caught his hallucinations and half expected to see a pink giraffe crawling up my shirt sleeve. But it was real. The audience, to enliven the scene, had let loose another tease in the pen.

"'One at a time and a huge surprise for each,' cheered Tib, swerving on his pins a bit.

"But even this shadowy chance was eliminated for as he spoke our hut vanished. The rascals had fastened a line to the top and had yanked the meager

shelter over the barrier. There we were in the open, with a fringe of black faces mocking us over the fence.

"Tib stood with his mouth ajar in astonishment. Then he drew me aside, reproachfully, and whispered, 'Don't try to humor me. Tell me the truth. Did that really happen, or was it a delusion?'

"'All real,' I howled, clutching his arm.

"'I always like to know,' he explained gravely. Then he cried, 'In the name of the Continental Congress—Don't shoot too quick!'

"For the big, eight-foot male, accompanied by a four-foot tail, was creeping toward us on his belly, while his pal stood and watched the proceedings with morbid curiosity, and as calmly as if it were a mail-order business.

"We separated about ten feet and crouched ready to spring aside, and as the ammonia repeaters were held in the palm of the hand, Feeney, shedding tears of unrestrained joy, had no intimation we possessed the masked batteries.

"'Be sane,' I again implored, but Tib, kneeling with both hands steadying his gun, cast me a whimsical smile and fluttered his head as if amused. And the red spots on his cheeks did n't look good a bit.

"The king of the wildwood, probably empty of stomach and hungry enough to eat a whole tribe of white men, now began knitting his claws and agitating his tail for a record breaking jump. He put his head close to the ground when giving his class cry and this caused it to rumble and reverberate intensely.

"'Take him!' cried Tib, and with a numb heart I squirted a charge of the soothing syrup and noted it ruffle his breast.

"And although it did not hit him fair, it pestered him and weakened him, and he struck between us and whirled undecidedly in a circle. Then Tib staggered forward and idiotically made a grab for his highness with his left hand, while with his right he tried to send home a settler.

"'O wiji gah!' bellowed the populace, never having seen a lion so misused before.

"And their eight-footer, seemingly oblivious of Tib, began humping himself in a narrow circle, with me at the center. If Tib let go and fell I knew the beast would make the circuit and be upon him before



he could get out of the way. For his every jump possessed all of the hilarious energy of a fast-freight train.

"O wagh!" yelled the spectators, as the dizzy pair sped by the second quarter, with the favorite about to break.

"Hang on and sprint faster," I encouraged, dancing wildly in my hysteria.

"D 'ye—think—I'm—trying—to—throw—this race?" retorted Tib in jerks over his shoulder, as his heels cuffed only the elevations and his fat form snapped playfully into a horizontal position.

"Then from down the lists came a roar that re-echoed even above the hooting of the mob and I turned to see the other cat, a female, smaller and maneless, bounding up the aisle. This nerved me to jump on to the race track and send two shots full into the mouth of Tib's steed, and as the mischief maker rolled over and sighed sleepily my old patron was flung at my feet.

"Number two did n't pause to indulge in any funny stunts. Discarding all frills and fancy crouches she gave one more bellow, and with her four legs flung wide, and the sun's rays turning her yellowish flanks to old gold, sprang for Tib. The old chap, although panting heavily, calmly planked her twice in mid-air and had a third perscription ready when she landed. And as the sleep germs began to work the spectators were simply swept off their feet, sir, to see their ill-advised lady man-killer trip a Morris on her hind legs, spar at the atmosphere, and then come down with a crash.

"My head was swimming dizzily, but I gave a cheer of defiance, and standing with one foot on the prostrate monarch viewed with pardonable pride the paralyzed assemblage, while Tib copied my pose on Number One.

"Habel! habel!" cried Tib, grabbing me by the hand and leading me gracefully forward in front of Feeney's opera box as if I were the leading lady. And we both bowed easily with a bright sparkle in our fickle, fever-lighted eyes, and Tib bowed even more deeply with all his old time curtain call grace, as Feeney, in pure resentment, tried to bite his ax.

"Then the galleries began to cheer, realizing we were the best pages ever torn from a *materia medica*. I reckon, at that moment

we completely filled in the foreground, middle distance, and background of all their joss dreams, and if it had n't been for Mr. Scraws they'd have made us a present of all Africa. You see, we'd done it so quiet. No noise, no rudeness, just an inclination on our part, and their biggest champions were put to bed. We were little tin gods in their eyes, and their yelping now took on more of awe than venom. But Feeney did n't appreciate our growing popularity and foamed at the mouth. Then he barked an order.

"We were still scraping a modest hoof in mild deprecation of the *encore* when the squaws began bobbing their heads violently and I was inquisitive enough to shyly turn and look over my shoulder.

"Attention!" I cried, and Tib wheeled just in time to see our host's orders had resulted in another rude cage being unloaded through an opening in the paling, and two more beasts entered.

"These started toward us on a canter, and to my horror I observed Tib was frittering away the precious seconds in gallantly kissing his moist digits to a bevy of frenzied valentines, presumably the wives of the chief.

"For my sake!" I had just time to invoke, when the lion in the lead turned at an acute angle and got very close before I could pull the trigger. I over shot. But Tib, ignoring his annoyer and after foolishly chanting some lines about 'Lions to right of 'em, Lions to left of 'em,' pivoted and raked my villain by a neat snapshot. And the next thing I knew I was sailing high enough through space to peep over the top of the enclosure. It seems I was just one jump too slow in dodging and the brute managed to collect the back of my shirt in passing.

"My return to earth jolted the breath from my lungs and I had to recline and watch Tib face his fate alone. I knew he must have ducked when enfiling my footpad, and by the way the survivor was performing I realized his second shot had not been wasted. The snuff-colored dream vaguely brushed his ample paws against his muzzle and gave one the impression of being intoxicated. Yet true to his original design he gravely sauntered to-

ward Tib and made a clumsy leap. But two quick shots full in the yellow eyes announced his exit, and after I'd gained my feet we both sank down wearily on his muscular flank.

"Well, sir, I reckon Central Africa never saw such a perfectly astounded set of natives as in Feeney Scraws and his little ones. There were four of their king pins quiescent and we lolling lazily back on the biggest. We had laid them to rest as easily as a laughter-loving chauffeur runs down a crippled beggar with a sixty-horse-power smoke-wagon. Naturally it made the crowd nervous, and the yowls they let out would have frightened a pumping station into hysterics.

"Will the lions show fight when they revive?" I panted.

"Will Feeney ring in actors until we've used up all the dope?" Tib asked thoughtfully in return, mechanically giving our cushion another desuetude drop. "This anger-killer won't last forever," he added moodily. Then the swamp light stole into his eyes again and I knew some quaint conceit was addling his brain.

"All down, Feeney," he cried cheerily, dancing toward the paling. "Set 'em up in the other alley."

"I pulled him back and tried to quiet him while the aborigines yelped as if afraid of the round, laughing man who hushed lions to sleep. The black hands no longer were shaken at us in derision, but instead were pointed in hesitation, and by the gesticulations and rolling eyes I knew the people were petitioning the chief to hold up his thumb.

"I'd like a nice cool drink from old Champlain," rambled Tib, playing carelessly with his lion's whiskers. "Old Vermont! Recall those lines—I remember, I remember the house where I was born? I can't, but I could if there had been lions in it."

"He's about to play another card," I warned, giving the nearest lion another shot.

"We've four lions now," ruminated Tib proudly. "Say, Billy, did you ever try to do a sum in lions? Now, in adding three columns of lions, when you have two to carry—"

"They are opening the barrier again."

I groaned, giving my patron up as a hopeless slave to purple pipe dreams.

"Tib reeled to his feet and tore open his shirt and peered under a shaky hand down the line.

"More lions," he said simply.

"White leopards! Two of 'em!" I corrected.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, and I believed him thoroughly crazy again. "They looked leopards to me," he cried, "but I thought I must be fuzzy again. So I said lions. But white leopards!"

"And he waltzed me around joyfully. We must have 'em. Is n't this luck?"

"Awfully good luck," I despaired; for I knew a leopard was as formidable as a lion or tiger and harder to dodge.

"And the brunettes along the fence evidently were now determined to stick to their goods through one more whirl, and forgetting their recent fears began to shout exultantly. It sounded like a Russian college yell and Tib tossed back a little circus talk and dragged me in between the two sleeping pups nearest the center of the arena.

"The big cats, white with dark polka dots, about five feet in length and with abnormally long tails, now saw us, and after a few preliminary snarls began circling the palisades, desirous of pouncing upon us from behind, true to their feline idea of propriety. I wanted to get my back against the stockade, but Tib, with less strabismus in his intellect, restrained me. We'd seen enough of leopards to realize these beauties had been kept in a cage and were used to men, and we believed they had been starved for just some such purpose as this. Yet it was evident they weren't anxious to come too near our breastworks. Then an old lady, probably with a local reputation as a witch doctor, rose behind her boss and flung her skinny arms aloft and bestowed a few imprecations upon us. The cats began to get bold. The crowd believed it was due to the spell cast by the lady. Anyway, as we were like a hot hand-out to a famished orphan on Christmas eve, the evil brace were game to try and net us.

"The audience went wild when the twin spotted ones left the barriers and

dragged themselves toward us, inch by inch, as if the proceedings were very secret. It was like betting money on the home nine when the umpire is your friend and lives in your village. And to add to the festivities the lions began to wriggle and act uneasy. We realized they were about to awaken.

"*'A yah, jalil'*" shrieked the Romans.

"*'Give 'em another nullifyer,'*" I cried in Tib's ear, indicating the quartet of sleepers.

"*'Except this biggest one,'*" he telephoned back. *"I may need him awake."*

"And friend Feeney, believing it was the last act, threw back his head and laughed in low gurgles. His blood-curdling jollity seemed to jerk the head tabby into radical action and a streak of white marked her spring.

"*'Missed!'*" I yelled.

"*'Rotten,'*" cried Tib, as he also scored a zero, and the target lighted on our uneasy parapet.

"Then the breastworks came to life.

"And, say, sir; if the dope had quieted old Nero so far as we were concerned, it did n't preclude his having a little argument with puss. Screeching and roaring they rolled over and over, while the other cat looked on in amazement.

"*'Nail her!'*" directed Tib.

"And ping! I did, at a distance of twenty feet. She whacked her paws against her nose in vain, for the aroma would not down, and while thus engaged Tib ran in and gave her her *congè*.

"Then we turned to watch the duel, just in time to see the cart-wheel of beasts strike the barriers fairly opposite the chief's lookout.

"There was a crash and the whirling, furry forms bounded out into the audience.

"As the orchestra circle emptied in flight

Feeney, indigo with rage, raised his ax to hurl at me, who was nearest. But Tib did a little rainbow stunt with his gun, and as the gentle shower fell on Feeney's nose he lost interest in things, ditto his balance, and toppled over and down onto the fighting animals. The leopard promptly represented his intrusion with a tap of her paw and the lion also found time to bestow a hearty cuff.

"As the two rolled away in the forest we enjoyed a good scrutiny of the now quiet ruler. It did n't need a medico-legal expert to diagnose he had cast his last vote.

"*'Somehow, I like him best this way,'*" murmured Tib pensively.

"By this time the natives had all fled, evidently satisfied we were fairies with evil intentions.

"One old hag, even in her fright, could not resist the temptation to turn in her course and hurl a nervous spear at her prostrate master.

"This simple act of courtesy cheered me wonderfully, as I did n't believe the gang would feel much hurt because Scraws had made his exit. We were not taking any chances, however, by loitering. We found our boys snugly yoked together ready for a slave jaunt north, and with their aid managed to sling the still insensible pussy on a pole. We left the lions, and with only the cat to show for our pains we recrossed the Bango and picked up our reserve force.

"Since then I see the Bango district has passed under the control of the Uganda Protectorate.

"So, I reckon, our little act in the arena was productive of some good outside of furnishing this country an opportunity to inspect at popular prices the only prize white leopard in captivity."



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

The Outcast sat in the shade of the palm.

## The Outcast

BY JOHN PATRICK AND ERNEST BOON

The Outcast slept at the foot of a giant cocoanut palm. In his hut he had found but little rest, and early in the morning, with visions of a dream vivid in his mind, he had rushed wildly out on to the beach to peer anxiously into the starlit darkness that hid the breakers from his view. Night after night he had lain down on his rough bed to be the victim of tantalizing dreams in which the coming of a boat to the island invariably figured. This night he had strained his eyes until he could make out the line of foam on the outer reef and then, when no boat was visible, he had raved up and down the beach like a madman, cursing his fate until he was exhausted. But, long before the coming of the dawn, while yet the stars were blazing in the sky, he had thrown himself down and fallen asleep oblivious of the incoming tide. Gradually the surf had crept closer and closer, but the music of its seething rush had only lulled him the sounder to sleep. Then, just as the sun climbed out of the sea away in the east, a roller, stronger than those that had preceded it, rose slowly and majestically far out seaward, charged with an angry roar across the outer reef and,

sweeping stealthily up the glistening beach, flung the last of its spray full in the Outcast's face.

The man awakened with a start, coughed twice convulsively, and as soon as he had regained sufficient breath, swore forcibly at the receding wave for having disturbed his slumber. Then he stood up, eagerly scanned the horizon and turned almost unconsciously toward the sun, feeling grateful for the warmth that sent the blood coursing a trifle more vigorously through his shrunken frame.

He was the sole inhabitant of a tiny island that lifted its head out of the measureless Southern Pacific. For fourteen months, without once sighting a sail, he had been an exile on that outlying speck of the Solomon group, and as he stood on the beach in the morning sunlight, casting a long, distorted shadow across the sand, he was a harrowing spectacle. The few rags that protected his famished body were rapidly approaching the stage of absolute dissolution. Gaunt knee bones protruded through his trousers, while a tattered coat and the remains of a shirt hung loosely and ungracefully upon him. The

morning breeze was taking liberties with his tangled mass of hair, for at the foot of the cocoanut palm where he had sunk down to rest lay his battered and dirty sombrero. Behind him, amid a cluster of palms some distance from the shore, stood the tiny hut that after much toil and countless set-backs he had succeeded in fashioning with his own hands.

In the hot rays of the morning sun he looked what he was—an outcast. For some minutes he stood, motionless as a statue, contemplating the foam-fringed rollers as they rushed shoreward with a mighty roar and a final long-drawn swish. Then there came to his mind a thought that day by day had attracted him for many weeks. There was almost a fatal fascination in the ease with which he could sink out of sight forever beneath the surface of that clear, tempting water and find rest at last in the sea's close embrace. However, with a savage curse he tore his eyes away from the strangely seductive water. Often in the past the temptation had been so great that he had been forced thus to turn away lest it should overpower him. He was a pitiful wreck that for years had been buffeted about by a cruel destiny that seemed to have marked him out as its special victim, but the cherished memory of an unavenged wrong caused him to cling tenaciously to life.

A paroxysm of coughing seized him and he was compelled to fling himself breathless and panting on the sand. As he lay convulsed a slight tinge of color crept into his bloodless cheeks; but when at length he arose, palpitating and exhausted, he looked more deathly than before. His unkempt, black hair emphasized the extreme pallor of his features, while his eyes, deep-set and large, were bright to a supernatural intensity.

"Guess my constitution's breaking up shockingly," he confided to himself as he rolled over on the sand. "I can't stand many more of these spasms."

The rays of the sun were growing unbearable, so he rose to his feet and picked up his hat. As was his custom, his eyes swept the horizon and then a great cry escaped his lips.

"It has come," he told himself, a moment later, in a voice strangely subdued, "It has come!"

Far out at sea, showing a mere speck like a bird hovering on the skyline, a sail was visible. For some seconds the Outcast gazed fixedly at it, wondering the while if he were going mad. He rubbed his eyes until they smarted, but the sail did not vanish. Slowly it grew larger and after a time the watcher made it out to be a ship's boat that a fair wind seemed to be bringing straight toward the island.

At first the Outcast stood unmoved by the coming of that for which he had watched and waited so many months. Then the true meaning of what that boat might mean to him burst upon his long inactive brain and a great fear caught at his heart. He realized that the boat might pass the island by. After so many months of weary waiting the mere thought of such a calamity was too much for his already weakened mind; so, with his hands both pressed tightly to his head and his eyes staring wildly, he rushed inland shrieking like a maniac, to throw himself down amid the tangled undergrowth and sob like a child. This unrestrained outburst relieved his feelings and it was with a much calmer mind that he returned to the beach. The unknown craft was still standing in for the bay. As it came nearer the Outcast again lost control of himself, and waving his arms madly, rushed frantically up and down, shouting as loudly as his feeble condition would permit. Soon his rapidly waning strength was exhausted, so he threw himself down on the sand and made a mighty effort to regain his composure.

The occupant of the boat brought her deftly through the break in the outer reef, but seemed to be in doubt about beaching his craft. The Outcast noticed this hesitation, and the fear that the man might put to sea again maddened him. He sprang to his feet and rushed far out into the water with his hands held out toward the sea. At the same moment a huge roller caught the boat almost broadside on, dashed it against the inner reef and flung it high and dry upon the beach, battered and useless. A few yards from it the Outcast was lying on the wet sand where the receding wave had left him. He looked anxiously toward the boat, then gathered himself up and shook the water from his clothes in much the same manner as a dog would have



done. While he did so a man was crawling slowly forth from amongst a mass of saturated canvas. When the stranger had separated himself from the wreck he dragged out a seaman's chest and deposited it on the dry sand. Then he turned toward the Outcast.

He of the boat was tall and thin; a perpetual smile seeming to linger in the corners of his eyes. His bronzed face was partly covered by a neatly trimmed beard. He was typical of the men who run trading hookers among the palm and coral fringed islands of the Southern Seas: easy-going, good-natured sailor men who trade with the savages for copra and sandalwood and are rovers all their days.

The Outcast stood for some seconds sullenly contemplating the new arrival. For fourteen months he had roamed the island until he had come to regard it as his own. But now there was another to share it with him, and when the full significance of what this fresh development might mean flashed upon him, he began to look upon the new arrival as a usurper. He had not realized until then how the feeling of solitude and utter seclusion from the world had become part of his very being. As his gaze shifted alternately from the man to the boat there was at his heart a strange feeling that made his fingers itch to be about the sailor man's throat. Those fourteen months had brought back to his nature some of the savage instinct and from this sprang the desire to kill the intruder. He glared at him and made one step forward. The other pulled a revolver from his pocket and the Outcast halted and his eyes fell. The savage died within his breast.

It was the other who broke the silence.

"That scare-crow dance of yours was pretty effective business," he observed with a smile: "something between a whirlwind off the chain and a war dance."

The Outcast gazed fixedly at him for some seconds—a vacant, expressionless look in his eyes. Then he turned abruptly and walked toward his hut. The new comer watched him until he disappeared among the palms.

"As mad as a Solomon Islander with three gallons of firewater in his for'ard hatch," he remarked to himself, turn-

ing to his boat. She lay on one side and a glance was sufficient to show that two of her planks had been ripped off on the reef.

The man shook the water from his hat and looked out seaward.

"I guess," he reflected, "that when that darned, four-million-horse-power tornado sent my crew to Davy's and chucked my hooker and myself up on one of those Solomon Islands, I oughter taken up my permanent residence there and said my prayers twice a day until the cannibals considered me fat enough. It would 've been better than wandering about the blarsted Pacific in a boat for four days waiting to be slung on to this private asylum."

He dragged his box to the foot of one of the palms, and, with his revolver in readiness, went up to the hut that stood on a slight rise above the beach. He found the Outcast lying on a pile of palm leaves and fibre, his face purple from a prolonged fit of coughing. The new comer seized him and propped his shoulders up against the wall of the hut.

"I'm done—for," the Outcast gasped, when he had partly recovered his breath. "I've—I've been—been dying for months. Only a few—few more days."

He made a frantic effort to sit up, but his strength had left him and he fell back against the wall helpless. The other looked at him critically for a moment and then turned toward the door.

"I've not come any too soon," he muttered, half aloud, as he started down for the purpose of bringing up his box.

From then onward the sailor set himself to the task of nursing the Outcast back to health. He dried the sails of the boat, and with them and two blankets that he had in his box, he made a fairly comfortable bed for the invalid. His resource was un-failing. He collected food by day and, with hooks of his own making, fished from the reef when the tide was out.

A few days after the stranger's arrival the Outcast was seized by one of his violent fits of coughing, and when he had recovered he turned on his side and looked long at the other. It was late in the afternoon and already the sky in the west was turning to many shades of opal and crimson.

"My light's nearly out," he said, hoarsely. "I'd better let you have my pedigree before I shuffle off. If I die, and you've the luck to get clear of this island, I want you to do something."

He paused and looked toward where his box stood in one corner. His mate strode across and lifted the lid.

"Down near the bottom you'll find a photo of a woman," the Outcast said. "Bring it here."

The man hurriedly began to ransack the chest. The Outcast's evident desire to be communicative came as a surprise to him; for during the past week he had maintained a morose brevity that was decidedly unpleasant. The stranger found the photograph. He glanced at it, started violently, and moved over to the door to inspect it more closely. Then abruptly he turned and handed it to the invalid.

"I want you to hunt up this woman," the Outcast said, when he had looked long at the portrait, "and let her know that Gordon Hassall forgave her. Her name's Mrs. Dudley Reynolds and she's somewhere in Sydney. My story's not much. Was trading out in these God-forsaken islands for ten years. Went to Sydney and fell in love with Dora Lenton. Got engaged to her and came back to my station to straighten up to get married."

"What then?" the other asked, interestedly, for the Outcast had paused.

"Went back to get married," the other went on. "Found she had married a man named Reynolds and had gone to England. Had married him for his money. That was the attraction. I swore I'd kill him, then took to drink, and went to the devil. Heard three years back Reynolds was in the South Pacific, so got on a copra tramp and came back in hopes of dropping across him. Fourteen months ago whisky and lung trouble laid me out so badly that I got the skipper to drop me here. He was to call back on the return journey, but never came."

"What was the name of your tub?"

"The *Roonga*."

The stranger went over and sat down at the door of the hut.

"Thirteen months ago," he said, "the *Roonga* tried to smash a coral reef up by the Navua group and the whole crew went

to pay their respects to Mr. David Jones."

"Poor devils," Hassall said, wearily.

"What's this fellow Reynolds like?" the other asked after a brief silence.

"Don't know. Never set eyes on him."

"How 'll you know when you meet?"

"I'll know," was the fierce reply. "He can't escape me. I shall kill him."

The Outcast moved uneasily, then looked hard at his mate.

"Say," he said, in a hoarse whisper, "I don't even know your name."

For a few moments the man gazed out toward where the huge rollers were charging the outer reef.

"My name," he said, indifferently, as if fascinated by the curling breakers, "is Jake Johnston."

That night, when at last the Outcast had fallen into a troubled sleep, the stranger went down to the moonlit beach and carefully examined his boat. He satisfied himself, that without being thoroughly repaired, she was useless. Then for some time he stood looking out across the reef. He was thinking.

"Dudley Reynolds," he said, at length. "you're cornered. You've got to stay and face the music on this cursed island."

From that night he cared for Hassall with increased tenderness. Under his careful nursing the Outcast grew slowly stronger and the color began to steal back to his pallid cheeks. Day by day he grew more hopeful and optimistic; the prospect of being released from exile was continually uppermost in his mind.

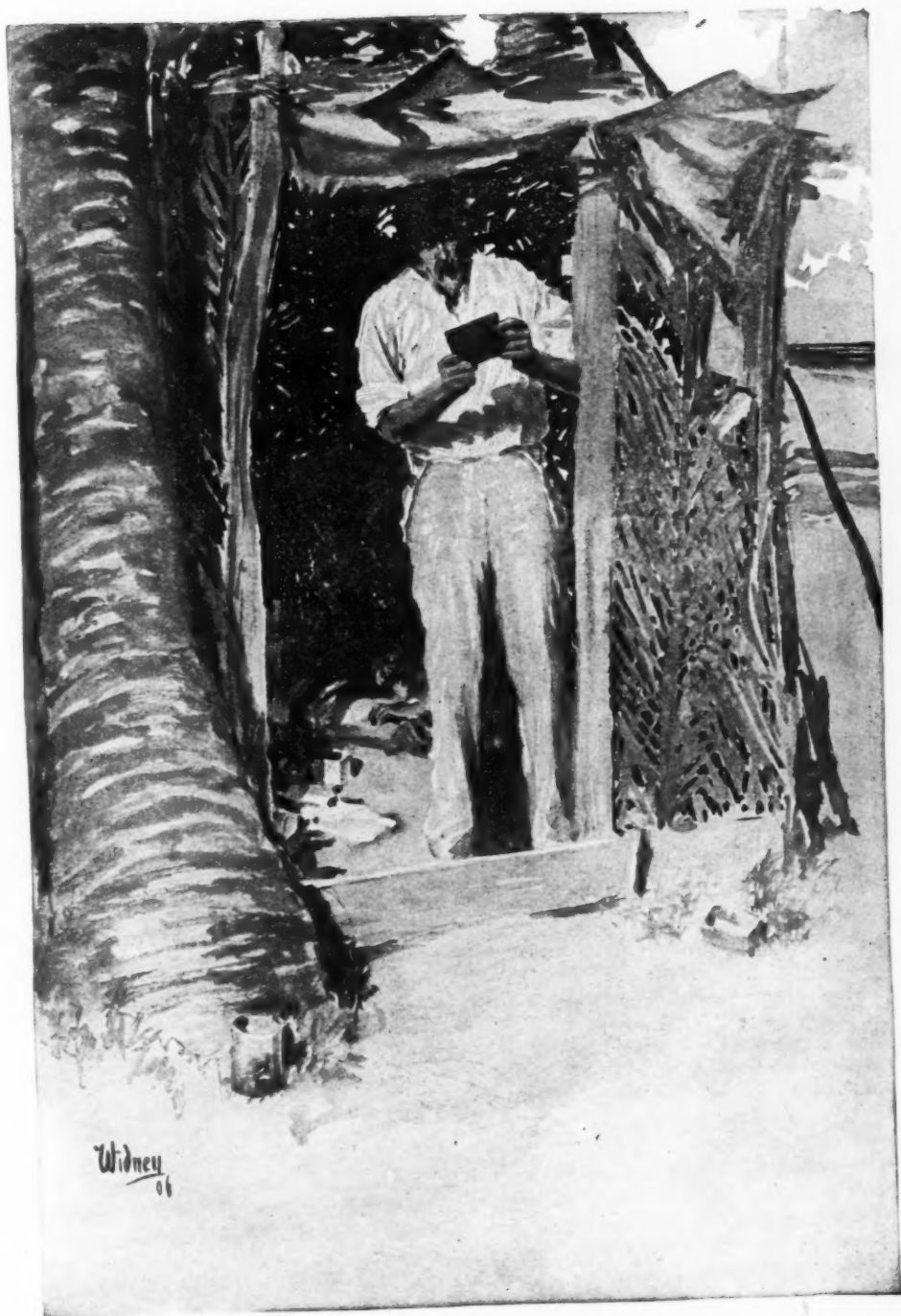
"Is n't there any chance of getting away from this?" he asked one morning as he lay in the shade while Reynolds was making a hammock out of palm fiber.

The other turned his gaze toward the bay.

"Can't say," he answered, turning once more to his work. "Just at present this port does n't seem to be over-crowded with shipping."

"Could n't we make a raft?" Hassall suggested.

"It's rather early to start considering suicide," Reynolds said; then, suddenly, he dropped the hammock and looked down to where his boat lay on her side. For a moment he pondered.



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

He moved to the door to inspect it more closely.

"How did you build that hut?" he asked sharply, turning to the Outcast.

"With a few ship's tools I had in my box."

"Great God! Where are they?"

"Under my bed," was the answer, and the next instant Reynolds was in the hut tearing at the fiber and palm leaves that served as a mattress.

"Now we're right!" he cried excitedly, as he dragged forth the tools, "I'll have that boat fixed in no time."

For weeks afterward, in the early morning and the cool of the evening, Reynolds toiled at the boat, and the hopes of the two grew as the work progressed. Usually the Outcast sat in the shade of the palms and watched Reynolds at work. Sometimes he even felt well enough to go down to the boat and sit on the beach in the sun. It was while lounging there, idly building a castle with the sand, that a strange thought came into his mind.

"Ever been married?" he asked, glancing up at his companion.

The abruptness of the question startled Reynolds and he turned quickly.

"Once!" he said. Then for a second hesitated. "And once too often," he added, a hard look coming into his eyes as he turned to the boat again.

"Wife dead?" Hassall asked.

"God knows!" Reynolds snapped.

"Did n't strike your affinity?" the Outcast queried, with irritating persistency.

"No! But often felt tempted to," the other sullenly made answer.

"Stow your brilliant repartee," Hassall advised, "and be amiable."

"It's a painful subject," Reynold forced himself to remark. "Thought I'd got an angel without wings; but soon found I'd married a she-devil, who drank like a copra crew."

"And cleared out?" Hassall finished for him.

"Simply went the limit!" Reynolds said fiercely, his tone plainly indicating that further interrogation was inadvisable.

When Reynolds awakened early the following morning Hassall was not in the hut. Outside the whole east was aflame with the glory of the rising sun. On the beach, within a few yards of the surf, the

Outcast was lying gazing wildly out seaward. When Reynolds approached him he turned over on one elbow and his face was pale and drawn from sheer exhaustion.

"What's wrong?" Reynolds asked, standing over him.

"I had a dream," the other gasped, his gaze wandering out to where the line of foam shewed white on the reef. "My God!" he went on, "it nearly drove me mad! I dreamed that I was here alone and a man came to the island. I was watching on the beach when I saw the sail of his boat. He came to grief on the inner reef and was washed ashore. As he stood on the beach with his back toward me something seemed to tell me that he was Reynolds. I had a knife—I crept stealthily upon him. Something was choking at my throat and I could hardly breathe. But I had determined to kill him. I sprang forward and drove the knife into his back. He fell on his face, dead. I stooped and turned him over—It was n't Reynolds—Great God! It was you! Then I awoke in a frenzy and rushed out on to the beach for fresh air. Since then I have been watching and waiting. That dream was a warning. He will come and I will kill him."

With pitying eyes Reynolds looked down at the gasping man.

"Poor devil!" he muttered to himself, then he took the Outcast up in his arms and carried him back to the hut.

That day the patient had a relapse and was prostrated by many violent fits of coughing. In looking into his box for some nails Reynolds came across a three months' old copy of a newspaper and the invalid seized it eagerly. When the other returned from the boat two hours later it was to find Hassall sitting up with a great luster shining in his sunken eyes.

"What month's this?" he asked excitedly.

"April," Reynolds replied, after a moment's consideration.

"And this island is one of the Solomon group?"

"Yes," the other answered, wonderingly. "What's up?"

"The paper says that the survey steamer *Penguin* will be near the Solomons in April."

"You think there's a chance of getting picked up?"

"You never know."

"Was n't there once a poet who wrote something about hope being eternal?"

"Pope."

"He must have known the desert islands of the South Pacific. They're mostly hope eternal and cocoanuts."

On the evening of the day that saw the completion of the repairs to the boat Reynolds left Hassall in the hut and went down

reef and made his way to the boat. He examined the new planks that had made her seaworthy once more and with a feeling of satisfaction at his handiwork he returned to the hut. He unslung the hammock from its accustomed place between two palms, and, taking it inside, rigged it up securely.

"That'll be better than sleeping on the floor," he said to his mate, who was tossing about restlessly, "Turn right in now."

When the moon rose high and the tide



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

The islanders charged.

to fish from the reef while the tide was low. When the full moon rose slowly from the sea, a great disc of molten copper, the thought came to the man that the tide would be full shortly after midnight; and then a strange temptation rose up in his heart. He fought against the impulse that was sweeping over him and tried to put it from his thoughts; but eventually it conquered and took entire possession of him. His interest in the fishing ceased, so having hauled in and wound up his lines, he carefully retraced his steps along the slippery

was nearly full Reynolds gathered together the sails that Hassall had been using for a bed and left the hut. Outside he paused as the man within coughed convulsively. Reynolds hesitated, then crept back on tip-toe to take one last glance at the sufferer. The moonlight, streaming through a break in the roof of the hut, illumined Hassall's face. His features showed up deathly pale, and the lines that were plainly visible pathetically told of the pain and suffering he had endured.

The sleeper moved uneasily.



"Reynolds," he muttered feebly, "I'll kill him."

The other turned to the door and looked down toward the boat that lay ready at the edge of the seething surf.

"The poor devil curses me even in his sleep," he said.

Once more he moved across to the man in the hammock and gazed down at him for some seconds. There was a mute appeal in the passive and trouble-lined face that was irresistible.

"I've got to stick here," Reynolds muttered, throwing down the sails.

Next morning a faint streak of smoke showed dimly away out where the sky met the ocean. Reynolds saw it and watched it breathlessly, then he dived into the hut and shook Hassall.

"Wake up!" he yelled, excitedly, "there's smoke out seaward!"

The Outcast awakened and sat up bewildered. He went out beneath the palms and gazed at the smoke until his eyes ached and his vision became blurred. Then he joined Reynolds down at the boat and for two terrible hours they waited, fearful lest the steamer should change her course. During that time of awful suspense not one word passed between them.

"Guess we won't take any risks," Reynolds said, when the vessel was within two miles of the bay. "We'll go out and meet her. She's the *Penguin* for a certainty."

He climbed into the boat to put things in order and Hassall went up to the hut. When Reynolds rejoined him he was turning his few belongings out of his box to see if there were anything worth taking away. Reynolds took the sails and went across to the chest that stood in one corner. He hurriedly gathered some of the contents into one of the sails and, taking the few things that Hassall had selected, made for the door.

"You'd better be pretty slick," he advised. In the doorway he turned. "Say," he added, "get my revolver and some cartridges from the bottom of my box. Might need it to attract the ship's attention."

His cheeks flushed with excitement, Hassall started, with trembling fingers, to turn out hurriedly the weird collection of articles that partly filled his companion's

box. A moment's search revealed the weapon, and throwing it on to the floor he continued to rummage for the cartridges. Then, suddenly, a photograph, that until then had been lying face downward, overturned before his eyes. He started back, his gaze riveted upon an unmistakable bridal picture of Dudley Reynolds and Dora Lenton. For some moments he knelt there dazed and motionless, his mind incapable of grasping the true meaning of this startling revelation. Then he realized its full import and the wild tumult surging in his heart broke loose.

"My God!" he cried, his voice choking with passion. "To think that I've been tricked like this. . . . That I've been living with that lying wretch for two months."

"Dudley Reynolds," he went on, after a pause, "you heard my story and you lied to me. . . . You coward! You could n't play the man. You calculated to escape me; but you forgot that long ago Fate marked you out as mine. The time for our reckoning has come."

With the photograph in his hand he arose unsteadily and staggered across to the door. His eyes were ablaze with uncontrolled fury. In the doorway he paused. The steamer was still heading for the bay and down on the beach Reynolds was fixing the sails to the boat. The scene made the Outcast strangely calm and the passion that had convulsed him gave place to a definite desire for vengeance. He turned again to the box, hunted methodically until he found the cartridges; and then, with desperate coolness, began deliberately to load the revolver.

He took the photograph and stepped out into the sunlight, clutching the weapon. The desire to kill Reynolds was still strong upon him as he made his way among the palms that fringed the beach. Then, abruptly, he stopped and stood gazing out across the tiny bay. The steamer had hove to and was lowering a boat; but it was not that which had attracted the Outcast's attention. Round the bend of the reef, close in shore, a canoe manned by three savages had just come into view. Hassall, fascinated, watched it as it cleft its way rapidly shoreward on the crest of a huge roller, to be deftly beached on the glistening sand. All unconscious of the impend-



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

On the crest of a huge roller.

ing danger, Reynolds was working steadily at the boat; but the islanders had discovered his presence and were soon creeping stealthily upon him. One of them moved up the beach to cut off his only chance of escape should he become aware of their approach. Then the three began to close in slowly. Out across the water the ship's boat, unknown to Reynolds, was coming shoreward; but it was still half a mile from the reef.

Hassall stood well within the shelter of the palms, dazed and inactive. There was a strange enchantment in the tragedy about to culminate upon the beach that held him motionless as by a spell. He knew that Reynolds was a doomed man, and there was for him an inexplicable satisfaction in the knowledge of that fact.

Then the Outcast suddenly remembered his vow to kill with his own hand the man who had wrought his ruin. All the misery of the years swept over him. The hatred and the desire for revenge that he had nursed so long rose up within his heart anew. Was he, after all, to be cheated by a mere caprice of Fate out of performing a task that he had set himself so long ago? These thoughts surged through his brain with overwhelming swiftness, and left him for the time incapable of further mental effort. Then the savage in his nature triumphed. He would kill Reynolds, and the decision brought a fierce light into his eyes. He held up the revolver and looked

at it for an instant; then, still clutching the photograph, he moved to the edge of the palms. Although he did not know it he was nearing the stage of absolute physical exhaustion.

The Islanders were within a hundred yards of Reynolds. Hassall paused before making a dash forward, and a mist swam before his eyes. For a moment he fancied that he was sitting on the sand in the morning sun. "Thought I'd got an angel—" a voice seemed to be saying, "found I'd married a she-devil—drank like a copra crew—went—limit."

Those words had been spoken of Dora Lenton.

The Outcast was swaying slightly backward and forward and muttering insanely to himself. Then, with a mighty effort, he pulled himself together and the mist vanished. All in a flash he saw that Reynolds had suffered as well as he. And then there came an instantaneous remembrance of the weeks of nursing and care that had been recently bestowed upon him. The wild look died away and in its place there came a softness, the like of which had never before dwelt in the eyes of Gordon Hassall.

The savages were within fifty yards of Reynolds. The Outcast rushed out from among the palms. He dashed madly down the beach, and, with one, wild yell, threw himself between the savages and the man at the boat. Then the islanders charged.

Hassall's revolver barked twice and two of them pitched heavily on to the sand. The third paused and hurled a spear at the strange figure that barred the way. The weapon spoke again. The savage tumbled blindly forward, shot through the heart, and Hassall fell back into the arms of the man whose life he had saved. Six inches of hardwood spear were protruding from his back and his breath was coming in horrible gasps. With a painful effort he

held up the photograph for the other to see.

There was a moment of awful silence. Then, as the boat from the steamer grounded upon the beach, Hassall raised himself slightly.

"Rey-nolds," he choked, clutching wildly at the spear in his breast, "I'm—done!"

His lips moved feebly.

"Dora!" he muttered, falling back.

The Outcast had found rest at last.

## Roses From Dead Bushes

BY GEORGE FRED LAWSON

Chalmers of the city staff of the *Empire* walked leisurely into the city room, sauntered over to his desk, picked up an assignment slip lying there and read it.

See me about Egerly engagement.

It was signed by Atkins of the city desk. As Chalmers read it his lips relaxed and the cigaret dropped to the floor where it burned slowly, sending a thin, blue, odoriferous stream of smoke curling into the air. Chalmers stared. It was not so much the laconicism of the phrase that struck him but, rather, that it was what he had least expected. He bit his lip and swore a fervent oath. To be disappointed in his expectation of doing the yacht races for the paper was galling, but to be sent out on a "society yarn," was piling it on a bit too heavily, he thought. He went up to the city desk with rebellion in his heart.

Atkins looked up from the pile of papers before him.

"The engagement of Aileen Egerly, the daughter of old La Verne Egerly, to the Duke of Shirley, is said to be an assured fact," he said tersely, "although not as yet announced. The Egerlys live at the 'Ormsby,' Central Park West. Get a good story and pictures."

He turned again to his pile of exchanges and Chalmers took the hint and went out into the city room.

He looked at his watch. Two o'clock. The sooner he got after it the sooner it would be off his hands, and the sooner he would be ready for his night assignment.

But gad! how he did hate to start in.

"Aileen Egerly and the Duke of Shirley," he thought, and swallowed something hot in his throat. "Why in the deuce did n't they send Brown out on the story? He knew all about the 'society run.'"

He lighted another cigaret, jammed his hat down hard upon his head, and started for the "Ormsby," stopping first to get a shave, a shine, and a shampoo. To interview an heiress demands that one's personal appearance be suitable. He jumped into a hansom and was off.

At the door he handed the footman his card with the inscription "*The Empire*" at the lower left-hand corner, and a moment later was impatiently awaiting the appearance of Miss Egerly.

"Mr. Chalmers," she said as she entered, smilingly extending her hand, and then, quizzically, "Mr. Chalmers—of the *Empire*."

He bowed somewhat stiffly.

"Really, I am quite at a loss to understand what business the *Empire* may have with me. I have n't given a party for cats, or I have n't been giving a dinner party with roast possum and file of rattlesnake, caterpillar croquettes and—"

"I beg pardon."

"I beg yours. I must admit the subject is not pleasant."

Chalmers fidgeted in his chair.

She glanced at him, the dimples about her mouth deepening and threatening to develop into the wrinkles of fullest mirth.

"Shall I ring for some tea?" she asked, half arising.

"I beg of you to pardon me. I—my call is purely a business one. I was sent here."

"Oh!" She grew serious for a brief moment; then: "If then, Mr. Chalmers, you would explain. As I said, I cannot see what business the *Empire* has with me."

"Are you not aware then, of the rumors of your—"

"To be sure," she broke in. "I have heard that I am to forsake society, that I, Aileen Egerly, am to open a model saloon where I shall have pretty girls for waitresses, and where I shall preside as a sort of poetic bar-maid, and sell liquids to the society folk who cannot wait until they get to their homes or clubs to quench their thirst; that—"

"I think that is most silly," interrupted Chalmers. "I heard that myself and I," he glanced at her to note the effect, "I might have gone ahead and made a hit with the city editor, by writing a sensational story about it." He carefully dusted the toe of his shoe with his handkerchief. "I did n't though; I had better sense, and besides, you know it would n't have seemed quite right."

"For which you have my sincere thanks. But if that is n't it, what other terrible thing have they been saying about me, that your editor has sent you to—to write me up?"

Chalmers braced himself for it. "It—it's about the—er—the Duke of Shirley," he said with somewhat of an effort. "We hear that he wants to—to marry you."

For a full moment she gazed at him, then reddened furiously, and fell to polishing the ruby upon her finger vigorously with her handkerchief.

"It is quite true," she said softly, shooting a swift glance at him.

He started.

"Do you really mean it—Miss Egerly?"

She looked at him, all seriousness. "Do you doubt my word?"

"I beg your pardon. It took me by—er—it took me by surprise."

"You are glad, are you not? It makes a good story, and that's what you came here after?" She looked at him quizzically.

He dropped his gaze.

"You make it harder for me, Miss Egerly. Of course it makes a good story and that is what I am here for, but it seems like prying into one's private affairs, and I don't quite like it. You see I have always done special sporting stuff before. I hope you understand my position?"

"Quite. Now I suppose you want me to tell you all about how it happened. I suppose you'll ask me for my picture and the duke's picture, and perhaps one of my Boston terrier, my pet canary, and my chameleon."

He laughed. "I do want you to tell me about it, and I do hope you will give me one of your photo's and one of the duke's, but as for the rest—" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Once upon a time—" she began, and noticed his wry face. "Well," she continued laughing, "to be more precise I met him last summer. My mother and I were living at the Château de Boigne, on the coast of Normandy. The duke was traveling through France and happened to stop at the château."

"Ah!"

"There was another, too, a young American gentleman."

"Miss Egerly, you—"

"Please allow me to continue. I had known the American gentleman for some time, in fact, all my life, and it was an agreeable surprise when he appeared at the château. We were great friends and spent many pleasant days together. We rambled about the fields, visited the quaint peasants and were thoroughly happy."

She paused and sighed.

"Then the Duke of Shirley came into my life. A thorough gentleman, noble in virtue and character as well as by birth, he impressed and interested me. I enjoyed his company and, girl-like was flattered by the attention of a nobleman. It served, however, to separate me from the friend of my girlhood. I missed our rambles about the hills. He became silent and and morose. I—I believe he was jealous; one day he happened to see the duke attempting to place his arm about my waist. A week later I received a note from him saying he was about to sail for America. That was the last I saw of him."



"But the duke," breathed Chalmers.

"The duke remained, and when we left Normandy for London, he went with us. Later, when we returned to New York, he followed us here. That was only three weeks ago."

She breathed deeply with suppressed emotion and clenched her delicate hands. "He has been much in my company since and a few days ago he—"

She paused.

"Yes," palpitated Chalmers, "he—"

"He asked me to become his wife; to become the Duchess of Shirley." She gazed pensively out of the window.

"The Duchess of Shirley," repeated Chalmers. "You ought to be happy, very happy."

"Yes, I suppose I should be happy. It is not every girl has the opportunity of becoming a duchess."

"And if some day the boy who used to roam the Normandy fields with you should return?" almost whispered Chalmers.

"Then he will find I was not as fickle as he thought. I shall—"

"You mean?" hoarsely muttered Chalmers.

"I mean that I told the duke I had lost my heart roaming the Normandy fields."

Chalmers thrilled, gathered her in his arms. "My darling," he murmured. "The boy did not know then." He kissed her. "But now—"

"Now," murmured Aileen.

"Good for a spread special for Sunday," said Atkins when Chalmers explained.

"Eh—but," hesitated Chalmers, "we're going to be married."

"Write it," laconically said Atkins.

## A Dicker In Green Goods

BY CAMPBELL MAC CULLOCH

"You've surely got a colossal nerve, Sim, to try and turn off a trick that's as stale as the pyramids, and only a month after that wire tapping business, with Inspector Laughlin, as keen on the trail as a fox hound," complained young Mr. James Forsyth Kingsley nervously toying with his gold monogrammed cigaret.

"My son," observed the placid and generous philanthropist who lolled easily in the arm chair, "you an' me's bin doin' business too long for you to hand me that. You never knew me to stack you up against anything that had moss on it, did you? Well, there's ways of doin' old things that's so new they look like fresh paint. I heard a chap once set it out that there never was no more than six jokes in th' world, and that all th' other gags that was pushed along was different twists o' them originals." Here Mr. Simpson paused a moment reflectively, and went on again.

"I guess this here green goods business is about as old as any game that's been handled by men, but I generally find ways to put new twists to most things, and I'm like them jokesmiths, I guess, thataway,

at least. So don't you worry no more Larry, but jest let me run this here thing alone for awhile."

And then Mr. Simpson absent-mindedly poured himself something nourishing from the decanter that rested near his fat right hand.

Mr. James Forsyth Kingsley looked uneasy and somewhat restless, in spite of the excellent advice furnished by Mr. Simpson, and there was a troubled look in his handsome face, and a nervous tattoo about his right foot.

"I've noticed that you're a pretty wise old bird, Sim," he remarked with a frown over his blue eyes, "but you're no more than human, you know, and even the wisest old gander in the flock comes around a corner too quick, you know, and he usually gets both barrels when he does. I know you worked that wire tappin' business about as handily as anyone could, but I know, too, that if I put my nose out of doors that Mr. Inspector would have me down at 300 Mulberry so quick I'd never get but three full breaths. I don't like going it again so soon, and that's a fact."



The benign countenance of the astute Mr. Simpson was a study in varied expressions as young Mr. Kingsley delivered himself of the sage wisdom above, but he heard him out with patience, and when it was finished he folded his chubby hands upon his ample stomach and sighed.

"I'm thinkin', Larry," he observed, "that you've got a heap to learn yet. I've done what I could by you, and in some respects I'll not say but what you ain't a credit to me; but lord, you're young and foolish. Have I asked you to put your pretty face out o' doors? Did I ask you to run agin them daffy sleuths that Laughlin's got watchin'? Not on your daguerreotype, Larry, and you won't have to, either. I'm not a runnin' around that corner to get them two barrels you was speakin' of. I'm just agoin' to sit around here easy-like an' let someone else do th' runnin'. I've got it framed up so no party won't get nervous over the proposition I'm goin' to make them. You listen here an' I'll tell you somethin'.

"Green goods, as green goods, is played out, for Jimmy McNally an' his gang that worked Jersey City, killed all there was in that a good bit ago, when you was a snuffin' kid. Th' new lay is mine, an' it's got all them old time stunts beat to death."

Young Mr. Kingsley looked a trifle relieved, and produced another of the delicately flavored "coffin nails" he was addicted to. He was also slightly apologetic in tone, for he had a great respect for the superior "grafting" abilities of his aged friend, Mr. Simpson. The latter was as cunning in remunerative crime as one could hope to find, and he was a sore spot in the sides of the energetic police gentlemen who have the welfare of the community at heart.

These police had a great regard for Mr.

Simpson, and they would dearly love to have laid him by the heels, but his elusive self had always led them astray; and on the one or two occasions, when they had enticed him into their toils, his bland innocence and offended citizenship had bluffed them out of anything they thought they could prove against him. More like the prosperous man of affairs than anything else, the offended dignity of Mr. Simpson was its own reward, and the disappointed sleuths had reluctantly permitted him to depart, fully realizing in their own hearts that they would have to bide their time.

"If in th' pride o' your headstrong youth, Larry, you've got th' time to listen, I'll unfold the little plan I've laid away to get a new stake. Not that what we got from that young gent that was so int'rested in 'lectricity that he was willin' to part with five thousand bucks to see a wire tapped is gone, or even touched, but when th' opportunity comes an' slaps you right in th' face, it'd be ag'in human nature to let her go by without a tap on th' shoulder.

Now you listen here, and maybe you'll know why I'm so keen on doin' somethin' in green goods."

Mr. Simpson prepared himself anew for comfort by extracting from an open box a judiciously shaped and rather mild appearing cigar, leaned back in his chair and shook a forefinger at Mr. Kingsley.

"I guess you know how th' old green goods game was worked, but I'll run over th' points for you. There was usually a circular letter that was spelled scandalous, an' th' workers used to send 'em about th' country where they'd think there was a likely sucker. Country postmasters was always a cinch. They'd get a letter from th' jay, and then they'd write him th' proposition. They most always had stolen treasury plates, and they'd run off a lot of



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

Seating himself he opened the paper.

good bills, secret like. All th' sucker 'd have to do would be to come to Jersey City with five hundred and they'd do th' rest. Th' rest consisted in showin' him a lot o' good money, takin' his good coin, packin' it up for him, and switchin' th' bundle to green paper. He never knowed nothin' about it 'till he got home. Sometimes, when he was nasty, they'd crack him over th' nut with a blackjack, and that 'd be clumsy. That's all there ever was to th' green goods game."

Mr. Simpson here refreshed himself from the decanter, relighted his cigar, and proceeded.

"Now them doin's is as well known as th' best recipe for growin' corn, and they ain't worth a tinker's cuss. I don't mind tellin' you, Larry, that there's more behind this than I've let on. First, there's the money, an' we need it; second, there's this," and Mr. Simpson extended a newspaper with a heavy blue circle drawn around an advertisement which read:

MONEY to loan on gilt-edged investments. Bonds, and other securities procured for investment. Strictly confidential.  
Jas. H. Murdock,  
St. Felix Bldg.

Mr. Kingsley read the advertisement through, and then looked up inquiringly at Mr. Simpson who smiled indulgently at him.

"Well, what's this got to do with your scheme?" inquired the young man.

Mr. Simpson smiled even more broadly than before and folded his hands again.

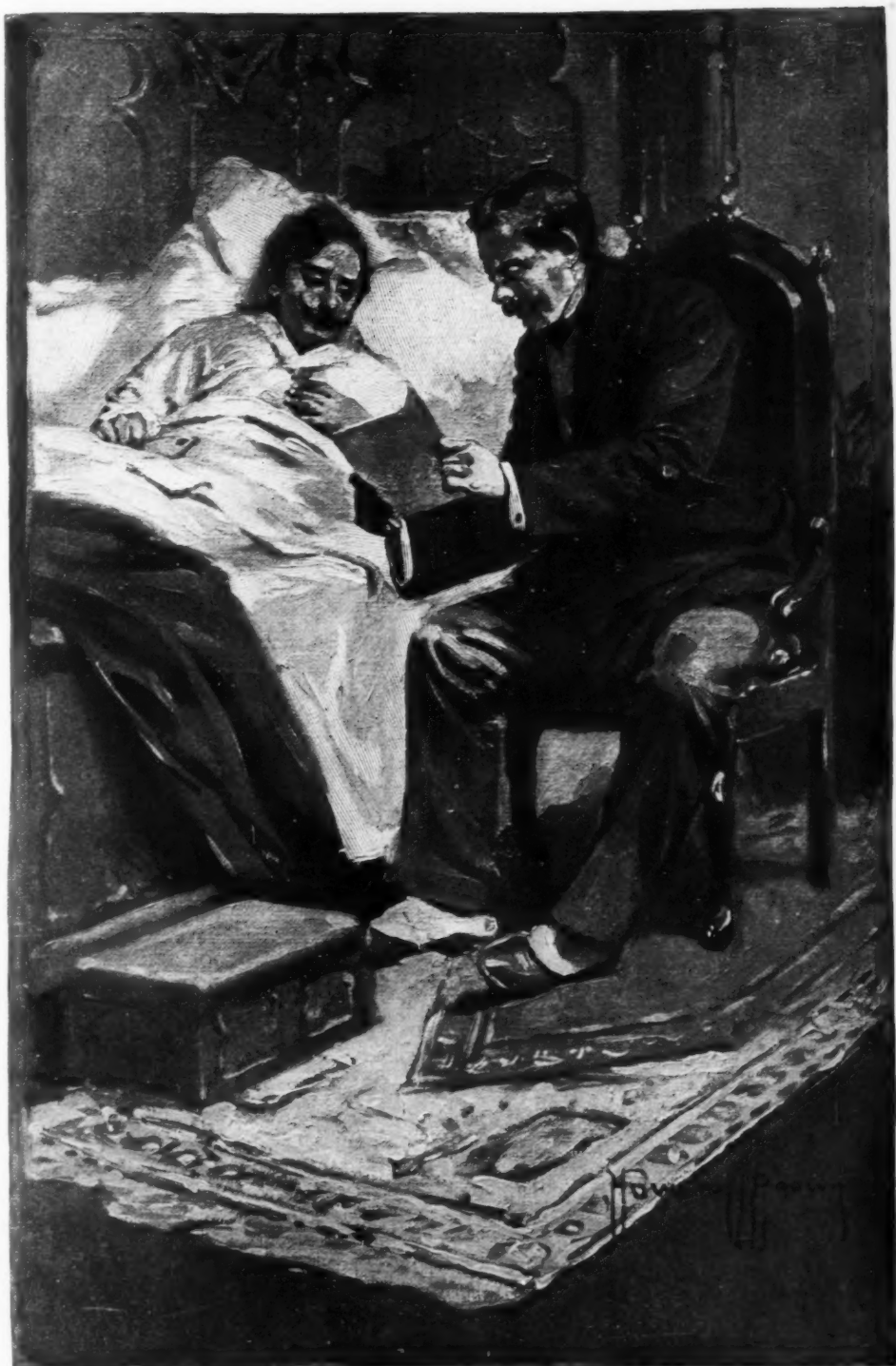
"That party mentioned in that there advertisement, is agoin' to lose some o' that money he has to loan," advanced Mr. Simpson with the air of one who states a proven theory. "That there party, Jim Murdock, and me was once pals, and we was a makin' a good square livin' out in Illinois sellin' insurance on hogs and cattle. We'd cleaned up close to eighteen thousand and was quittin' an' comin' east, when Jim decides a partner's a burden or somethin' like that, an' skips out and leaves me in Elgin with a plugged half dollar and a board bill. That was fifteen year ago, and this is th' first time I've had a chance to get even. Jim is surely goin' to lose some of that coin, and you an' me is agoin' to get it."

"But won't he remember you, and shy at the whole thing?" asked young Mr. Kingsley tentatively. "I thought you were figuring on taking on some easy young chap and getting away with his roll on a strictly scientific grafting basis. I don't like this business of going up against a man on his own territory. It's a cinch he's going to be wise to what you're after and maybe, now he's living squarely, he'll tip Laughlin off."

"You talk like a can of condensed milk, Larry," said Mr. Simpson with the first petulance he had shown. "You're young, though, an' I suppose I'm puttin' you up against somethin' that looks hard to your infantile education. I'll tell you again, though. I'm bankin' on you: on that innocent, devil-may-care, gentleman look about you, that I'd never have if I had all th' best tailors and 'valleys' in the city up here manicurin' an' massagin' me for a week at a time. That's why you and me is partners, my son, on account o' that same air. You look at a man, an' if he ain't your breed you make him feel like apologisin' for bein' where you are. I know Jim Murdock to the backbone. And I'll tell you somethin' else. There's no easier man to fool than th' professional grafter that's wise to all th' games he thinks is goin'."

Mr. Simpson began to warm up to his subject and expatiated at great length on the aims and capacities of Mr. James Murdock, and he outlined at great length just what was to be accomplished. To all of which young Mr. Kingsley, prudent to the point of nervousness, and harrowed in soul by thought of risk, lent a ready ear, for he was an expensive young man with even more expensive tastes. When the conference was finished, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Kingsley locked up the apartment, as far as doors and windows were concerned, and went to their respective rooms, and for the time, at least, matters were allowed to rest, with Mr. Murdock having no thought of the sword that was dangling over his devoted gray head. Both slept like the proverbial tops and nothing untoward disturbed their dreams.

Complacency bloomed over the personality of Mr. James Murdock the next morning as he sat in his comfortable office in the



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

With bulging eyes Mr. Murdock glared at the paper.

St. Felix building and gazed out at the thronging traffic of Broadway. With his eyes fixed through his gold-rimmed glasses upon the curious bulk of the Flat Iron building he was thinking deeply of his circumstances, and did not pause in his reflections when his Titian-haired stenographer laid the morning mail on his desk. An hour later he was equally radiant as he passed through the outer office, buttoned tightly in his frock coat, and his silk hat agleam with solid competency.

"Miss Banks," he chirped, "I am going out to visit a prospective customer. Should anyone call I will return by one o'clock."

Then he passed into the hall, hailed an elevator with a cheery rising inflection, and stepped gaily within. As the car swung downward, he hummed a little tune, and greeted the porter pleasantly as he emerged from the building. The cause of this self-satisfaction was the arrival of a note in the mail. This communication begged him to call at his earliest convenience on one Franklin B. Gates who gave his residence as the Hotel Astor, and who desired to negotiate the sale of certain gilt-edged securities he had in his possession.

"Gates," muttered Mr. Murdock to himself pleasantly, mouthing the word as if it was a tender morsel. "Gates. It seems to me that my client is a relative of that Napoleonic person who sets the laws of averages at nothing; that western cyclone who goes into a stock deal like a center rush and emerges with some shreds of clothing and a bundle of the needful. I think I shall do well with Mr. Gates."

It must be confessed that the astute and genial old person known as Mr. Simpson, had laid his plans well, for he was not at all averse to expenditure when the outlook warranted it. Knowing Mr. Murdock as he did, he was aware that the gentleman mentioned placed great dependence on "front" in business, and was prone to fall down and worship at the sight of luxury, which to him was the password to financial solidity. Consequently the outsider who had been permitted a glimpse of young Mr. Kingsley, lying luxuriously in a carved bed in a handsome suite of apartments, attended by a trained nurse and an obsequious valet, would have said at once that he was a young man of fortune and

some prominence. Mr. Simpson had seen to it that his young friend had arrived with all due impressment, and when a carriage had driven up to the hotel, and the nurse and the valet had assisted the young man to a wheeled chair, and thence to the elevator, and finally to his apartment, the tale of his arrival from Chicago on urgent business, was accepted as it should have been.

Mr. Simpson had set his stage well and the play was on. He had been careful to supply smaller details that had for their object the impressing still further of the expected visitor. Messenger boys bearing carefully prepared telegrams were shortly to dash in, letters were to arrive in shoals, and these latter would bear the insignia of financial powers. It was well prepared. Mr. James Murdock arrived in due course, sent up his card and was asked to step up to Mr. Gates' apartment. Arrived there, the usual formalities were gone through. Mr. Murdock was kept waiting some little time in the reception room, and sounds of angry dispute and petulant reprisal were heard from within. When Mr. Murdock was admitted, he confessed at once that here was a favored son of fortune. Young Mr. Kingsley was curt and yet effective in his part. He went at once to business.

"You will pardon my condition," he said sharply, "but I have been unfortunate enough to break an ankle. That however cannot be helped now. What I desire to see you about is some important business of my uncle's. You are doubtless aware that he is a heavy holder in the C. H. & D., which was recently acquired by the Erie. What is not generally known, however, is that he holds a large number of the bonds of that road, and is anxious to get hold of more. Your name, Mr. Murdock, has been mentioned to him as that of a man who knows how to handle matters with secrecy and dispatch. Consequently, you see me here. Should it be known that my uncle is trying to purchase these bonds, you can readily see the effect on the market, influenced as it is at this time by the Morgan crowd who have financed the deal. What we want you to do is to procure for us a large block of these bonds," here Mr. Kingsley glanced at a paper he held in his hand, "numbered from 1006 to 1096, which are being held secretly in this city."



Mr. Murdock bowed, for he was overcome with emotion. If his good angel had any thought of saving him from future loss, the time was ripe for an interference, but Mr. Murdock plunged blindly on to his fate.

"I shall consider it an honor to serve your esteemed uncle, Mr. Gates," he murmured. "May I ask if you have definite information of the location of these bonds?"

"Certainly," replied young Mr. Kingsley sharply. "We are not in the habit of going off on wild goose chases. It is our business to know these things, and we know them. Should you decide to take on this commission, I am prepared to furnish you with the necessary information at once. We must deal quickly in this matter, for great interests depend on sharp work. Your commission will be the usual one with a bonus added for satisfactory results."

"I shall be delighted," said Mr. Murdock.

"You understand that secrecy must be observed? There must be no running around after these bonds with a brass band or a torch-light procession?" warned young Mr. Kingsley haughtily.

"You may trust me," said Mr. Murdock. Just then the valet approached deferentially with a salver on which reposed eight yellow envelopes. Mr. Kingsley seized them petulantly and tore them open. As he reached the last he uttered an exclamation and looked at Mr. Murdock with a twinkle in his eye which was shot with pain from the alleged wounded ankle. Then he held out his telegram to Mr. Murdock.

"This concerns you. You may read it," he said.

With bulging eyes Mr. Murdock glanced at the paper and read these words:

Franklin B. Gates,

Hotel Astor, New York.

Make no slip. Get Murdock if possible. Best man to handle job.

J. W. G.

With the singing of birds and sweet music in his ears, the delighted Mr. Murdock handed back the wire with an inarticulate murmur of senile delight. His fortune was now assured, and he would

work as no man ever worked before in the pursuit of these bonds.

"That clinches the matter," snapped young Mr. Kingsley. "You will begin at once. On this slip of paper you will find the name and address of the holder of these bonds, together with the numbers and classification marks. You know they are quoted at 126 and we expect to pay that for them, though as I said before, if it should become known we want them, the price would go to 250 at a leap. The Morgan crowd needs them badly, but they don't know where they are yet, though I have information they will know within the next forty-eight hours. Mr. Murdock, it is yours to produce those bonds here within that time at the price I have named, or a point or two above it. When you get them, you may call here for a certified check covering the price and your commission. There will be an additional check made out for your bonus. Good morning."

Just how Mr. Murdock got out he does not quite remember, though he has an indistinct recollection of meeting a relay of messenger boys headed down the hall in the direction of the apartments he had just left.

It is almost pitiful to relate the further details of Mr. Murdock's career, but it must be gone through with. Arrived at the office floor, he turned into the bar and there purchased for himself a pint of champagne, which he consumed with the ease that betokens the accomplished financier—of the Murdock type. Lighting a cigar he seated himself in a leather chair and opened the paper he had received. On it was pencilled a name and address together with the numbers and marks of the bonds mentioned. The name was Frederick Glasspool and the address was in West Seventy-second street.

It is necessary to go back to the erudite and capable Mr. Simpson for a period. Having seen to it that the stage was properly equipped for the reception of Mr. Murdock at the hotel, the eminent person had gone about his own affairs. He had several days before this rented a vacant house on Seventy-second street and had prepared two rooms on the lower floor.



To all outward appearances the house was occupied all through—provided one did not go above the lower floor. He had even gone to the length of having a brass name-plate affixed to the door, and then he awaited the arrival of Mr. Murdock.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when that personage rang the bell and inquired of the dignified footman when it would be possible to see Mr. Glasspool. He was informed the latter would be able to receive a caller at five o'clock and leaving a card, departed with the promise that he would return. At the hour named he was again in evidence, this time in a carriage, and he was admitted without question to the drawing room. The lordly footman informed him that Mr. Glasspool would join him at once, and closing the door left him to his reflections.

These were of the rosiest, and when the door opened and the footman announced that Mr. Glasspool would receive Mr. Murdock in the library, they soared up into golden hues that seemed to promise big affairs in which the name of Gates was prominent in letters of fire. Good Mr. Simpson, carefully having obliterated all of his natural traits and assumed for the nonce the rôle of a man of affluence, was seated in a leather chair near the fire, and did not rise at once as his visitor entered. He did struggle to his feet after a moment or two and Mr. Murdock beheld an elderly man close to the seventies who spoke with extreme difficulty. In Mr. Glasspool Mr. Murdock recognized none of the peculiarities of his quondam acquaintance, the acute Mr. Simpson. Irascibility seemed the chief characteristic of Mr. Glasspool, and he got down to business with surprising celerity for one so apparently infirm.

It would be impossible to give any idea of the odd and halting speech with which Mr. Simpson carried on his conversation. Of course this was for the purpose of concealing his lack of polite vocabulary and to avoid any chance of Mr. Murdock recognizing his old friend.

"You wished to see me?" observed the ancient Ananias.

"Yes. I called here to ascertain if you care to dispose of some C. H. & D. bonds you have, Mr. Glasspool. I may say I

have a client who is anxious to invest a large sum in such securities," remarked the diplomatic Mr. Murdock.

"Sell my bonds?" asked Simpson. "Sell those thousand dollar bonds? Why should I wish to sell them? Hey? Tell me that sir, why should I wish to sell them? Who wants to know?"

"I am not at liberty to divulge my client's name, Mr. Glasspool," responded Mr. Murdock gently, as one who would reprove such unseemly questions. "I am empowered to pay you well for them."

"Don't want to sell them. It's some game or other to beat me out of my securities, or to wreck the property. I don't want to sell," cried Mr. Simpson petulantly.

"But I am prepared to take the whole ninety-one off your hands at a handsome figure, sir," pursued the diplomatic Murdock.

"Whole lot, eh? Well that may make a difference. How much do you offer? Come, how much?" demanded Simpson with senile curiosity.

"I am permitted to go as high as 100, sir."

The good Simpson barely strangled a laugh in its infancy, but replied with asperity:

"Not enough, sir. Not enough. Do you suppose I don't know the market? Why they're quoted at 112 today. If you want them you'll take them at that figure, and they'll be higher tomorrow," cried Mr. Simpson pounding the table in his wrath. "They'll be higher tomorrow."

It is almost unnecessary to go into the further details of the transaction save to say that Mr. Simpson refused to consider any offer but half cash. At first he had demanded the whole amount in ready specie. He was going abroad and it was his habit to have nothing about him but gold, but with some trepidation Mr. Murdock painstakingly pointed out to him that \$112,000 in gold would be inconvenient to handle, to say the least of it, and it was then that Mr. Simpson insisted on at least half in cash and post-dated checks for the balance. Before clinching this very favorable bargain, Mr. Murdock begged for a few hours grace in which to see and confer



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"It's some game to beat me out of my securities."

with his principal, and was given until eleven o'clock the next morning.

The fated Murdock pursued his path to destruction, whither he had led so many others, and called at the hotel that night to discover what he should do about the cash payment. He was informed over the telephone that young Mr. Gates had retired, and could see no one; that he had another bad attack and was in a highly irascible state. This was the valet speaking, Mr. Murdock was told.

"Mr. Gates says, sir, that you are to clinch the deal on that basis," said this individual.

"Please ask him what about the cash payment," feverishly asked Murdock.

"He says to pay it yourself, and come here for your certified check when you deliver the bonds."

"But it will strain my account—"

"Mr. Gates refuses to be worried by such petty details as that," replied the valet. "He says either pay the amount or drop the commission. He can get others to handle it."

Quickly Mr. Murdock thought, and he reflected that if he lost the Gates patronage he would of a surety never have such an opportunity again, and that while his bank balance would be close to nothing, after withdrawing \$56,000, he would still be able to deposit the big check by noon.

"Tell Mr. Gates I will attend to the matter," he said, and walked out of the hotel. At ten o'clock the next morning the cashier of the bank where Mr. Murdock had his modest balance, wrung by hard labor from his unsuspecting fellow men, was astonished to see his customer appear with a check and a black bag. He was still more astonished when he saw the amount of the check.

"Not going to leave us hurriedly, are you?" he inquired facetiously.

"No, I'm not," said Mr. Murdock. "Hurry up with that coin."

Receiving it he hurried to Seventy-second street, and the transfer was made with ridiculous ease. He then hurried down town to his office and telephoned to the hotel for an appointment. He was told to appear at three o'clock, and sat down to wait for the hour. It is heart-breaking to describe what followed. Mr. Murdock went to the hotel and was told that Mr. Gates had left on receipt of an urgent telegram from Chicago, but had left this note for Mr. Murdock.

Receiving the missive, that gentleman retired to a chair to read it. This is what met his fascinated eye:

DEAR OLD JIM:

For a grafter you are about the worst that ever. You've been had, my boy, and are now shy just \$56,000. Do you remember what you did to your old pal out in Illinois? That same old pal has been laying for you these many years, and now he is square with the compound interest added. Gates, says you. Simpson, says I. You'll admit it was a neat game, and that it was your turn to bite. You bought green goods. The bonds are phoney, and I fixed them myself. They'll make good shaving paper. Ta, ta. Be good to yourself, Jim.

Yours affectionately.

SIMPSON.

Twenty minutes later a bearded gentleman arose from beside the prostrate form of Mr. Murdock.

"I guess he'll do, after awhile," said the doctor. "It's a close call, though. Apoplexy I should say. Better send him to the hospital. He'll get over it, but he must have had a fearful mental shock and that undoubtedly caused a lesion of some kind. Keep the ice bags on his head."

PARISIAN MODES by special arrangement REUTLINGER, PARIS



MAISON DRECOLL  
Evening coat of green taffeta.

PARISIAN MODES by special arrangement REUTLINGER, PARIS



MAISON NEY

Princesse gown of ecru lace with loose sleeves of Irish lace; the mousseline de soie blouse is trimmed with ecru Irish lace.



PARISIAN MODES by special arrangement REUTLINGER, PARIS



MAISON NEY

Paletot of lace, the loose sleeves finished with valenciennes.

PARISIAN MODES by special arrangement REUTLINGER, PARIS



MAISON BERNARD

Mantle of biscuit cloth trimmed with Irish lace. The voile skirt is pleated and trimmed with flounces of taffeta which also appear on the lace waist.

PARISIAN MODES by special arrangement REUTLINGER, PARIS



MAISON REDFERN

Louis XV tailored gown with plaited collar and cuffs edged with valenciennes lace; blouse of Irish lace.

PARISIAN MODES by special arrangement REUTLINGER, PARIS



MAISON DRECOLL

Dinner gown of mousseline de soie and point d' esprit lace, with motifs of painted flowers.



PHOTO BY HA'L

The company presenting a miracle play at Coney Island.

## Some Dramas of the Day

BY ACTON DAVIES

The curtain has fallen on the scenes. The orchestra chairs are swathed in sheets. The box offices are closed and barred, and down cellar somewhere the "Standing Room Only" sign languishes in mid-summer innocuous desuetude. But the stars, meanwhile—the men and women who breathe the breath of life into the playwright's characters which strut the stages for nine months of the calendar year, where are they? Ask of the waves, the seashore, the ocean steamships, and wherever two or three bungalows are gathered together on the mountain tops or in the valleys below. The average actor has to take his holiday long before the average layman has settled in his own mind where and how he will spend his summer vacation. Unless a star is lucky enough to be appearing in a play which is so successful that its run extends well into the summer, May and June are usually the only months which find him with folded hands, for long before the Fourth of July fire-crackers are getting in their deadly work, the star and his manager in close communion are buried deep in plots, *scenarios*, costume-plates, and all the other paraphernalia which go to make up the new production. This year the stars who can indulge in a long summer's rest, secure in the consciousness that their play is just as certain to draw next September as it was last March, are comparatively few. Mr. David Warfield,

thanks to the phenomenal success of "The Music Master," is one of them. He has taken a palatial country place at Seabright, New Jersey, and he dares any one on pain of instant death to even mention the word theater to him before the first of next September.

Miss Maud Adams, with "Peter Pan" as the latest histrionic feather in her cap, will rest in the Catskills until October. And Miss Blanch Bates, with "The Girl of the Golden West" as her trump card, has decided not to take any holidays at all, but to run her play right through the summer. The other Belasco star, Mrs. Leslie Carter, is not so lucky this year; once in every third season this actress is obliged to devote her entire summer to hard work. Since the days of "The Heart of Maryland," the plays which David Belasco has written for her have proved so successful that they have easily run through three seasons; this year she and the dramatist down at Shelter Island have already buckled down to hard work. Neither the name nor the plot of the new Belasco play for Mrs. Carter has yet been made public; according to his custom the playwright maintains secrecy until the curtain rises on the first performance. But this much is known at all events, it is to be a modern play calling for ordinary interior settings, a small company, and few if any of the superb accessories which have character-



ized the recent productions of this star. The character which Mrs. Carter will create is said to be unlike any rôle which she has yet been called upon to play. Out in the mountains of California, meanwhile, our other red-haired actress, Mrs. Fiske, is making active preparation for the production of her new comedy by Langdon Mitchell, which is to be called "The New York Idea."

Down on a charming old farm at Elberon, New Jersey, E. H. Sothern and his wife, Miss Virginia Harned, have laid out a particularly busy summer for themselves. While Miss Julia Marlowe, his co-star, is abroad taking the baths of a German spa, Mr. Sothern is superintending the preparations for the five or six new productions which are to constitute the Sothern-Marlowe repertoire under the Shuberts' management next year. "As You Like It" will probably be their opening attraction, and Miss Marlowe's *Rosalind* is certain to prove a delightful performance. To say that Mr. Sothern would make an ideal *Orlando* is merely stating a fact with which every theater-goer will



PHOTO BY BANGS

Hilda Spong

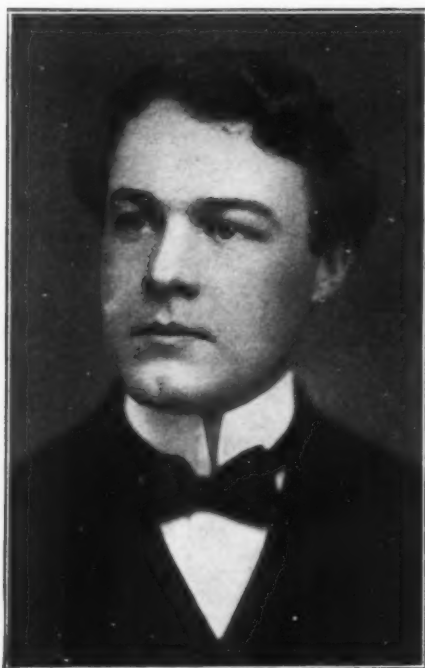


PHOTO BY SARONY

Harry Woodruff.

agree, but unfortunately for the thousands and thousands of men and women who have always regarded Sothern as the ideal stage lover he is going to let *Orlando* be played by one of the younger members of his company while he appears on alternate nights as *Touchstone* and *Jacques*. "The Sunken Bell," which Mr. Sothern and Miss Harned produced at the Knickerbocker some seven years ago is to be revived in elaborate fashion. "Lancelot and Guinevere" will be another novelty in their repertoire, and another new play by Mr. Percy Mackaye, a dramatization of the life of Joan of Arc, will be presented in addition to all the other Shakespearian plays which have figured in the Sothern-Marlowe repertoire. Only those persons who have some knowledge of the immense amount of work which a theatrical attraction entails can fully appreciate the herculean task which Mr. Sothern has laid out for himself. There is no actor before the public to-day who is more devoted to the theater than he, and therefore this work

will only prove to be a holiday after his own heart.

Mr. John Drew, on the other hand, is one of the few actors who can saunter about Europe at his leisure, for he has an almost certain success for next season. The one great hit of the London season, Pinero's "His House in Order," is the dramatic plum which Manager Charles Frohman has presented to him for American consumption next year. This play has been unanimously acclaimed in England as the finest piece of dramatic workmanship which has yet come from Pinero's brilliant pen.

George Alexander and Miss Irene Bancroft play the two principal rôles in the London production which in this country will be acted by Mr. John Drew and Miss Margaret Illington, who in private life is Mrs. Daniel Frohman. The rôle of *Nina*, the heroine, is said to be one of the strongest parts which has been written in many seasons. It will furnish Miss Illington with the chance of her life. If she succeeds with it, her path to stardom will be short and rose-strewn.

This girl, *Nina*, is the second wife of a wealthy Englishman. She has been the governess of his children before he marries her, and her first year of married life is embittered by the first wife's mother and other relatives who are continually dining the virtues and perfections of the dead woman into the ears of the young bride. The husband, although he loves *Nina* devotedly, has not strength of character enough to put his first wife's relatives under hatches. Matters have just reached a desperate crisis in the domestic life of *Nina*, when her little step-son acci-

dently runs across some old letters in his mother's handwriting in the garret. He brings them to *Nina*, and her first glance at them proves unquestionably that the dead woman had been untrue to her husband. Her first impulse is to take the letters to her husband and thus for all time lay the ghost of the dead woman which is ruining her own happiness, but on second thought her love for her husband conquers. She goes for advice to her husband's best friend; he reads the letters and agrees that to divulge the dead woman's secret would be brutal and un-

necessary. The plot thickens with complications. The mother-in-law makes *Nina's* life more and more unbearable, but still she refuses to speak. Finally the friend, realizing that both the happiness of the wife and husband are at stake, goes to the man and shows him the letters. Mother-in-law and the other relations receive their *congé*, and the final curtain falls upon a reunited pair.

This, of course, is a mere rough outline of the play's plot, but any one with a knowledge of Pinero's genius for handling just such intricate situations

can realize readily what a splendid theme he has given himself.

In London the play has been a sensation.

Another interesting novelty of the new season will be the appearance of that brilliant English actor, Forbes Robertson, and his wife, Miss Gertrude Elliot, in Bernard Shaw's "Antony and Cleopatra." This play has never been acted in English, but a German version of it was acted in Berlin some time ago, but failed. This, however, is no criterion of the reception



PHOTO BY SARONY

Margaret Dale

which English speaking audiences will accord it, for the Bernard Shaw cult has never made any direct appeal as yet to Germany.

Temperamentally Mr. E. S. Willard is probably the last actor on earth that any lover of Thackeray would pick out to portray the rôle of *Colonel Newcomb*, but Mr. Willard is a consummate actor, and whatever he does, is the work of a thorough artist, hence his production of Michael Morton's dramatization of "*The Newcombs*," which is now being played by Mr. Beerbohm Tree with distinct success in London, is sure to be one of the strong literary, if not dramatic, attractions of the new season.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is to make her re-appearance here in a new play called "*The Whirl-wind*," and she, of course, in addition to this will present the "*Second Mrs. Tanqueray*" and a number of other plays in her repertoire.

It will be interesting to see how the



PHOTO BY SCHLOSS

E. H. Sothorn.



PHOTO BY HALL

Elsie Janis.

English actress, Miss Lena Ashwell, succeeds over here. In London she has ranked for years as by far the most popular of the younger actresses. Her services are constantly in demand, and she has created more new rôles in London during the past five seasons than any other woman on the English stage. For her use in this country her managers, the Shuberts, have secured a South African Drama called the "*Schulamite*." The heroine is unhappily married to an old Boer farmer. A young Englishman, married and unscrupulous, crosses her path. It is the old story, over again, only in this case the wife and the lover murder the old man. After the murder, the Englishman, overcome with remorse, tells the woman that he already has a wife in England. Eventually he returns to her, leaving the woman to face her crime alone. The play is somber, but is said to offer Miss Ashwell some splen-



PHOTO BY BURR MCINTOSH

Fay Davis.

did opportunities for emotional acting.

It is still uncertain what play Miss Margaret Anglin will re-appear in, but as this fine emotional actress has a strong love for comedy rôles, there is a very strong possibility that she may be seen in Sardou's latest comedy success entitled "La Piste." This is the play which has shocked and amused Paris all during the winter. Those who have seen it claim that it is Sardou at his very, very, comedy best. Of course, it has got to be thoroughly deodorized and disinfected for America.

I was lucky enough to be allowed to read a literal translation of it the other day, and without any doubt in the matter of complications it is the funniest play that any dramatist has turned out in the past ten years, but in its present form no American audience would receive it. Not to put too fine a point upon many of its situations, its story, in a word, runs something like this:

*Felicie* is a young *divorcée* who has married again. As the curtain rises a woman

who has recently married her first husband comes to call. She and *Felicie* are old friends, and both being *Parisiennes* to the manor born, see no reason why they should not remain chums under existing circumstances.

"You used to have such charming paper on the walls of your morning-room," says *Felicie's* friend.

"Joseph was so fond of it and so I thought it would make him feel at home if I papered my room with the same. Can you give me the address of your upholsterer?"

*Felicie* goes to her desk, rummages among her papers and finally dispatches her friend with the desired address. Just at that moment *Felicie's* new husband comes into the room; he walks to the desk where his wife's papers are all strewn about and picks up a note which he thinks is written by a familiar masculine hand. It is a love-letter unsigned and undated. Furious with rage, he accuses *Felicie* of being untrue to him. She promptly replies that that letter is none of his business; it is quite true that it is a love



PHOTO BY OTTO SARONY CO.

Otis Skinner.

letter and it was written to her by a man for whom, for a week or so, she was very fond, but that was four years ago, when she was the wife of another man. She begs him to remember that he and she have only been married for six weeks. The husband still furious refuses to believe her.

"Very well, then," says *Felicie*, "I'll prove that I am telling the truth. This very afternoon I will take you to call on my first husband, then you can ask him."

"Very well," says the husband, "we'll go together at three o'clock."

The second act opens in the first husband's home at a few minutes before two. *Felicie* and her young sister rush in and ask for a few minutes' private conversation with him. Amazed, yet pleased, he places himself entirely at his former wife's disposal. She explains the situation in a word. Her new husband is dreadfully jealous. He has found a note which a young man had written to her and she, to save herself, has told him it was written four years ago; will he, for old times' sake, tell her husband that it was? Of course, she explains it was n't written then, but what



PHOTO BY BURR MCINTOSH

Hattie Williams.



PHOTO BY OTTO SARONY CO.

Marie Doro.

is a little lie to save the happiness of an old friend?

"Certainly, I will lie like a Trojan for you," says the first husband, "and in order to make you doubly secure I will swear that it was written to you by my young nephew. That will settle him."

He calls the young man in, and *Felicie*, to her horror, recognizes her former flame. The uncle instructs the nephew just what he is to say, which is n't so difficult, as by this time the audience is made fairly aware that he is the guilty party. In the midst of this discussion the second husband is seen walking up the drive. *Felicie* and her sister rush into the dining-room; the meeting of the two husbands is the triumph of drollery. The first husband perjures himself like a gentleman—or at least like the Prince of Wales. Just as the second husband's last suspicion has been successfully allayed, *Felicie* and her sister make their entrance through the front door as if they had but just arrived. Everything is made smooth and serene; the two husbands shake hands, and all is going as



merry as a marriage bell when *Felicie*, about to depart, moves towards the dining-room door; she has forgotten her muff. Quick as a flash the husband is aflame with jealousy again. "Aha," he cries, "this is a plot; you have been here before me." *Felicie* weeps, denies, and finally says: "Good heavens, did ever an innocent woman have such a hard time trying to prove herself guilty?" But by this time the fat is in the fire again. *Felicie*, desperate, exclaims: "Very well, then; to prove that I am speaking the truth I will take you to the little country hotel where we dined together."

The third act takes place on the lawn in front of this little hotel. The upper floor has a number of private dining-rooms opening onto the balcony. *Felicie* points out with her parasol the window of the room where she and the young man had taken dinner. She begs the landlady to allow her to enter it because, she explains, while they were waiting for their soup the young man had cut with her diamond ring two little hearts and the date on the edge of the dining-room mirror. The land-

lady shrugs her shoulders, declares that every other room in the house is at the lady's disposal, but not that one. A lady and gentleman are having dinner there and have given orders not to be disturbed. *Felicie* in desperation picks up a pebble and throws it at the window. A tall man appears at the glass. She begs him as a favor to look at the left-hand corner of the mirror and to read out what is written there. The man disappears. A long pause ensues, during which everybody

fumes with excitement. The man reappears, he is very sorry but there is nothing written on the left-hand corner of the mirror; there is, however, something on the right-hand corner. "does the lady wish to hear that?"

"She certainly does," cries *Felicie*. He again retires into the room; presently he emerges; excitement is now at fever heat. "The right-hand corner of the mirror says," shouts the stranger, "that this hotel is full of cock-

roaches." *Felicie* throws up her hands, realizing that all is lost. At that moment her first husband's second wife appears on the scene. The situation is explained to her and she instantly exclaims: "Why, what nonsense, *Felicie* is telling the truth; this boy, your nephew, was the young man. I knew all about it at the time." The play ends by the first husband realizing that he has been made a fool of, shaking hands with the second husband and wishing him better luck, and then inviting everybody to dinner.

In quite a different line of comedy will be the new play

in which Miss Virginia Harned is to make her re-appearance. One of these is a dramatization of that extremely popular novel, "The Girl in Waiting;" the other is an Irish comedy by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett entitled "Judith."

These are but a few glimmerings, advance notes, as it were, of the attractions which the new season is to offer us.

Meanwhile, while the theaters are shuttered and stagnant, Coney Island, with its



PHOTO BY OTTO SARONY CO.

Carlotta Nielson.



PHOTO BY HALL

Moki Snake Indians at Brighton Beach.

three great pleasure resorts, Luna Park, Dreamland, and Brighton Beach Park, is coining money by day and night.

At each of them the summer attractions are presented on a scale of magnificence which has never before been attempted in the open air.

Luna's star attraction is an open-air melodrama, the "Great Train Robbery," and it is given with such an investiture of mountain scenery, rushing trains, scream-

ing passengers, and a fusillade of shooting by train robbers and railroad men that it is made a most effective piece of realism.

Dreamland's banner exhibits are "The End of the World" and a wonderfully vivid presentation of the earthquake at San Francisco.

Brighton Beach, in addition to its other attractions, has Pawnee Bill's Wild West show as its trump card.



PHOTO BY HALL

A glimpse of Dreamland.